THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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MAUD AND MARMION.

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A desolate river is 'twixt them twain—
Dark roll its billows of sorrow and pain;
And a mournful wood and a barren shore
Slope to its wild waves evermore.

No lilies gladden its cloudy strand,
But there are dim foot-prints in the sand;
And ever a wailing cry of pain
Drifts over its eddies of wind and rain.

And the name of this sorrowful river is PRIDE.
Oh, dark are its billows and deep its tide;
And the moan of its midnight flood is crossed
By the wail of a peace forever lost.

Strewing the strand of this solemn flood,
Lie the pale wrecks of the lovely and good;
His heart of ice and his lips of death
Are not more cold than her ruined faith.

For the temple of beauty once their own,
The ruthless spoiler hath overthrown.
The glory dismantled, the shrine laid low
Her spirit was bruised on long ago.

The noiseless steps of grief and pain
Are blotted out by the wind and rain,
And only the wild floods hurrying by,
Moan of her buried misery.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

THREE KINDS OF FOLLY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM."

MOAT-GRANGE.

CHAPTER I.

They had brought down the pheasants in plenty; never had a First of October afforded better spoil; and they had lingered long at the sport, for evening was drawing on. Mr. Dalrymple, the owner of Moat-Grange—which was a desolate Grange enough, to look at, with the remains of a moat round it, long since filled in—aimed at the last bird he meant to hit that day, and missed it. He handed his gun to his gamekeeper.

"Shall I load again, sir?"

"No. We have had enough for one day, Hardy; and it is getting late. Come along, Charles. Oscar, are you satisfied?"

"He must be greedy if he is not," broke in the hearty voice of Mr. Cleveland, a neighbor, who had joined their sport. "He ought to leave some."

"You'll come home and dine with us, Cleveland," interposed Mr. Dalrymple, as they turned towards the Grange.

"What, in this trim? Mrs. Dalrymple would say I made myself free and easy."

"Nonsense! You know we don't stand upon ceremony. James will give your boots a brush. And, if you insist on being smart, I will lend you a coat."

"As you have, before now. Thank you. Then I don't care if I do. Look out, Charles; out of the way." And, turning round, Mr. Cleveland fired his gun in the air.

"What is that for?" demanded Oscar Dalrymple, a relative of the family, who was visiting at the Grange. "You have wasted the charge."

"I never carry home a piece loaded," was the answer. "I have too many young ones to risk it; they are in all parts of the house at once, and putting their hands to everything. Neither do I think it fair to carry it into the house of a friend."

Oscar Dalrymple drew down the corners of his mouth, rendering his cold, unpleasing face, more unpleasing. At that moment, a bird rose within range, Oscar raised his gun, fired, and brought it down. "That is how I like to waste good shot and powder," said he.

"All right, Mr. Oscar," merrily answered Mr. Cleveland. "To use it is better than to waste it, but to waste it is better than to run risks. All the accidents that happen with guns, happen from want of precaution."

"Shall I draw your charge, Mr. Charles?" asked Hardy, who had a reverence for Mr. Cleveland and all he said, having once served his father.

"Draw the charge from my gun!" returned Charles Dalrymple. "No. I can take care of my playthings, if others can't," he added, in a lower tone to Hardy, with all the self surety of a young and vain man.

Presently Farmer Lee came up, winding across the stubble towards his home. They were on the farmer's grounds then, who rented under Mr. Dalrymple.

"Famous good sport to-day, hasn't it been, squire?" cried he, touching his hat to his landlord.

"Famous. Never better. Will you accept a pair, Lee?" continued Mr. Dalrymple. "We have bagged plenty."

The farmer gladly took the pheasants. He had no time to go shooting, himself, or did not choose to make it: work, with Farmer Lee, was all in all. "I shall tell my daughters you shot them on purpose, squire," said he, jestingly.

"Do," laughed Charles Dalrymple. "Tell Miss Judith I shot them for her: in return for her sewing up that rent in my coat, the other day, and making me decent to go home. Is the fence, where I fell, mended yet, farmer?"

"Mended yet!" echoed Mr. Lee. "It was up again in an hour after you left, Mr. Charles."

"Ah! I know you are the essence of order and punctuality," returned Charles. "You must let me have the cost."

"Time enough for that," said the farmer. "'Twasn't much. Good afternoon, gentlemen: your servant, squire."

"Oh—I say—Lee," called out Charles, as the farmer was turning homewards, while the rest of the party pursued their way, "about the mud in that weir? Hardy says it will hurt the fish to do it now."

"That's just what I told you, Mr. Charles."

"Well, then—— But I'll come down to-morrow and talk it over with you: I can't stop now."

"As you please, sir. I shall be somewhere about."

Charles Dalrymple turned too hastily. His foot caught against something rising from the stubble, and in saving himself he nearly dropped his gun. He recovered the gun, with a jerk, but the trigger was touched, he never knew how, or with what, and the piece went off. A cry in front, a confusion, one down, and the others gathered round him, was all Charles Dalrymple saw, as through a mist. He dropped the gun, started forward, and gave vent to a cry of anguish. For it was his father who had fallen.

The most collected was Oscar Dalrymple. He always was collected: his nature was too cold ever to be put out. He held up his relative's head and shoulders, and strove to ascertain the injury. Mr. Dalrymple, though very pale, had not fainted, and he opened his eyes.

"Oh, father," cried Charles, with a wail of grief, as he threw himself beside him, "I did not do it purposely—I don't know how it happened."

"Purposely, no, boy," answered his father, in a kind tone. "Cheer up. I do not believe there's much harm done. Cleveland, I think the damage is in my left leg."

Mr. Dalrymple was right. The charge had entered the calf of the left leg. Oscar cut the leg of the trowser round at the knee with a penknife, and drew it off, and the boot. The blood was running freely. As a matter of course, not a soul present knew what ought to be done, whether anything or nothing, all being profoundly ignorant of the simple principles of surgery, but they stumbled to the conclusion that tying it up might stop the blood.

"Not that handkerchief," interrupted Mr. Cleveland, as Oscar introduced a silk one for the purpose; "take mine; it is white and linen. The first thing will be to get him home."

"The first thing must be to get a doctor," said Oscar.

"Of course. But we can move him home while advice is coming."

"My house is nearer than the Grange," said Farmer Lee. "Better take him there."

"No; get me home," interposed Mr. Dalrymple.

"My house is not a stone's throw off, and the best room shall be at your service, sir. You know that."

"Yes, Lee. But—this may be a long job. I would rather be taken home."

"The squire thinks that home's home," cried the gamekeeper. "And so it is; 'specially in illness."

The difficulty was, how to get him there. But necessity, as we all know, is the true mother of invention; and by help of a mattress, procured from Farmer Lee's, with impromptu bearings to it, made of "webbing," as Miss Judith Lee called some particularly strong tape she happened to have by her, the gamekeeper, two laborers, and Mr. Lee started with their load. Oscar walked by Mr. Dalrymple's side; Charles, in a state of distraction, had flown off to the town for medical assistance; and Mr. Cleveland volunteered to go forward and prepare Mrs. Dalrymple.

Mrs. Dalrymple was in one of the old-fashioned sitting-rooms of the Grange, with her daughters. Old-fashioned as regarded its construction, and its carved oak panelling, dark as mahogany; handsome and modern as regarded its furniture and fittings up. Mrs. Dalrymple, an agreeable woman of three or four-and-forty, had risen, and was bending over the tambour-work of their visitor, Miss Lynn, telling her it was too dusk to do more then; Selina Dalrymple was trying a piece of new music, talking and laughing at the same time; and Alice Dalrymple, lame and an invalid, was on her reclining sofa, near the window.

"Here is Mr. Cleveland by himself," exclaimed Alice, seeing him pass. "I wonder where the others are?"

Mrs. Dalrymple raised her head, and went, in her simple, hospitable fashion, to open the hall door. Putting it back for Mr. Cleveland's approach, she retreated, and stood just inside the oak parlor.

"What a long day you have had!" she exclaimed, as he came in after her. "I think you must all be tired. Where are the others?"

"They are behind," replied Mr. Cleveland. He had been thinking, as he came along, that he would make light of the accident, at the first telling; quite a joke of it; so as to prepare them without alarm. "We have bagged such a quantity, Mrs. Dalrymple; and your husband has asked me to dinner; and is going to accommodate me with a coat, as well. Oh, but, talking of bagging, and dinner, and coats, I hope you have plenty of hot water in the house; baths, and all the rest of it. One of us has hurt his leg, and we may want no end of hot water to wash it."

"That is Charles, I know," said Selina. "He is always getting into some scrape. Look at what he did at Lee's last week."

"No; it is not Charles, for once. Guess again."

"Is it Oscar?"

"Oscar!" interposed Alice, from her sofa. "Oscar is too cautious to get into hurt."

"Then who is it?" cried Mrs. Dalrymple, looking up. "Is it much?"

"What should you say to its being me?" said Mr. Cleveland, sitting down, and stretching out one leg, as if were stiff and he could not bend it.

"Oh, dear!" uttered Mrs. Dalrymple, running forward with a foot stool, "how did it happen? You ought not to have walked home."

"No," said he, "my leg is all right. It is Dalrymple; he has hurt his a little."

"How did he do it? Is it the knee? Did he fall?" was reiterated around.

"It is nothing," interrupted Mr. Cleveland. "But we would not let him walk home. And I came on to tell you, lest you should be alarmed at seeing him brought."

"Brought!" said Mrs. Dalrymple. "How do you mean? Who is bringing him?"

"Hardy and Farmer Lee. I suppose, left to himself, he would have been for running all the way here, and leaping the ditches over the shortest cut, so we just made him lie down on a mattress, and they are carrying it. Miss Judith supplied us."

"Has he sprained his leg?"

"No," carelessly returned Mr. Cleveland. "He has managed to get a little shot into it; but—"

"Shot!" interrupted Mrs. Dalrymple, in a frightened tone. "*Shot?*"

"It is nothing, I assure you," said Mr. Cleveland. "A very slight wound. He will be out with us in a week again."

"Oh, Mr. Cleveland," she faintly uttered, "you have quite upset me. Is it serious?"

"Serious! Don't you see how merry I am? The most serious part is the trowsers. Oscar, in his alarm, like you, as to seriousness, decapitated their leg at the knee. They will never be fit to wear again," added Mr. Cleveland, with a grave face.

"We will turn them over to Charles's stock," said Selina. "I am sure, what with one random action or another, half his clothes are in ribbons."

"How was it done?" inquired Alice.

"An accident," replied Mr. Cleveland. "One never does know too well how such occurs."

"We must send for a doctor," observed Mrs. Dalrymple, rising hastily. "However slight it may be, I shall not know how to treat it."

"Do not trouble yourself. We thought of that, and Charles is gone for Forth. I suppose his bed is ready, Mrs. Dalrymple? He should be laid there at once. Better be on the safe side."

Mrs. Dalrymple quitted the room. Mr. Cleveland also quitted it, and went to the hall door, and stood there looking out, his hands in the pocket of his velveteen coat. Some one came quietly up, and stood by him; it was Selina Dalrymple, trembling.

"Mr. Cleveland," she whispered, "is it not worse than you have said? I think you have been making light of it to us. Pray tell me the truth; you know I am not excitable, like Alice."

"My dear, I made light of it, in one sense, because I wished to prevent unnecessary alarm. But I assure you, I do not think there is any serious hurt."

"Was it his own gun went off?"

"No."

"Whose?"

"Charles's."

"Oh! But I might have told it," she added, her shocked tone giving place to one of anger. "Charles is guilty of carelessness every day of his life—wanton carelessness."

"He is careless," replied Mr. Cleveland, "but he has a good heart, and is always so sorry for his faults."

"Yes. His life is made up of careless actions and repentance. How dreadful to reflect that he should have shot papa!"

"Do not speak of it in that aspect, my dear. I believe it will prove but a trifling hurt. But to see him borne here on a mattress, like a dead man, a leg of his pantaloons cut off, and his own leg bandaged up, might have frightened some of you into illness, so I came to prepare you. Selina, were I you, I would draw the curtains before the window. They will soon be here, and a little thing flurries Alice. And do not let her run out here, when they come."

Selina went in to act upon this advice; Mr. Cleveland remained at the door. Soon he heard feet coming round the house, and at the same time he saw, to his surprise, the gig of the surgeon, turning off from the road. How quick Charles had been! He could not have been to the town.

No; it proved that he had met them, Mr. Forth and Dr. Tyler, who had been to a country consultation. All three were crammed into the gig. Charles jumped out first, and began rushing about like a mad creature. Mr. Cleveland went out, and laid hands upon him.

"You will do more harm than you have already done, young sir, unless you can control yourself. Here have I been impressing your mother and sisters with the conviction that it is nothing more than a few flea-bites, and you are going to upset all I have done. Be calm before them, at anyrate."

"Oh, Mr. Cleveland! you talk of calmness! Perhaps I have killed my father."

"I hope not. But I dare say a great deal depends upon his being kept quiet and tranquil. Remember that. If you cannot," added Mr. Cleveland, walking him forward a few paces, "I will just march you over to my house, and you shall stop there till all fear of danger is over."

"I will be calm," said Charles, "I promise you. "Repentance," he continued, bitterly, "whether controlled or not, will do him no good, so I had better keep it to myself. I wish I had shot my own head off first."

"There you begin again! *Will* you be quiet?"

"Yes, I will. I'll go and pace about where they can't see me, and get rid of myself that way."

He wrenched himself from the Honorable Mr. Cleveland, went to the back of the house and began striding among some cabbages in the kitchen-garden. Poor Charles Dalrymple felt then as if it would be a mercy, for which he should be ever thankful, if his head were off. He was generous, affectionate, but thoughtless, and most impulsive.

As the gamekeeper was departing, after helping with his master upstairs, he detected Charles's restless movements, and went to him.

"Ah, Mr. Charles, it's bad enough, but tearing about won't do no good. If you had but let me draw that there charge! Mr. Cleveland's ideas is sure to be right; the earl's always was, afore him."

Charles "tore" about worse than before, clearing six-and-twenty cabbages at a stride. "How did my father bear the transport home, Hardy?"

"Pretty well. A bit faintish he was."

"Hardy, I will *never* touch a gun again."

"Not till the next time, I don't suppose you will, Mr. Charles. You may touch 'em, sir, but you must be more careful of 'em."

Charles groaned.

"This is the second accident of just the same sort that I have been in," continued Hardy. "The other was at the earl's, when I was a youngster. Two red-coat blades had come down there with the young lord, him as is now the earl, for a week's sport, and one of 'em (he seemed to us keepers as if he had never handled a gun in all his born days) got the shot into the other's calf—just as it has been got this evening into the squire's. That was a worse accident, though, than this will be, I hope. He was laid up at the inn, close by where it happened, for six weeks, and then—"

"And then—did it terminate fatally?" interrupted Charles, scarcely above his breath.

"Law no, sir! At the end of the six weeks he was on his legs, as strong as ever, and went back to Lunnon—or wherever it was he came from."

Charles Dalrymple drew a relieved breath.

"I shall go in and hear what the surgeons say," said he, restlessly.

The medical men were still with Mr. Dalrymple, and Charles entered the oak parlor. Miss Lynn was standing before the fire. No one else was there.

"Charles," she said, "I wanted to see you. Do you fear this will be very bad?"

"I don't know," was the desponding answer.

"Whose gun was it that did the mischief?"

"Whose gun. Have you not heard?" he broke forth, in a tone of fierce self-reproach.

"No," said she, looking at him.

"MINE, of course. And if he dies, I shall have murdered him."

Miss Lynn's countenance faded to sorrow with the words, but she did not speak.

"I see what you think, Isabel," he said, in the mood to view all things in a gloomy light; "that you will be better without me than with me. Cancel our engagement, if you will. I cannot say I do not deserve it."

"No, Charles, I was not thinking of that," she answered, the tears, which had risen to her eyes, glistening in the glow of the fire. "I was thinking whether I could say or do anything that would induce you to become more thoughtful—more like a rational being."

"And less like a fool. Say it out, Isabel."

"You are anything but that, and you know it. Only you will act from impulse. You think, speak, move, without the slightest deliberation: it is all impulse."

"Impulse could hardly have been at fault here. It was a horrible accident, and I shall deplore it to the last hour of my life. But it was an accident that might have happened to any one else: to Oscar, cautious as he is."

"How was it?"

"I cannot tell. I had been speaking to Lee, and was turning sharp round to catch up the others, and the gun went off. Perhaps the trigger caught my coat sleeve. Yes, that part was pure accident, Isabel, but there is something worse connected with it."

"What do you mean?"

"Not five minutes previously, Cleveland had fired off his gun, because he would not bring it in, loaded. Hardy asked if he should draw the charge from mine, and I haughtily answered that I could take good care of it. Why did I not let him do it?" added Charles, striding the room in his vexation, as he had previously strode the cabbages; "what an idiot I was! You had better give me up, Isabel?"

She turned and glanced at him, and he came towards her and laid his hands on her shoulders and looked into her eyes by the light of the fire.

"It may be to your interest," he whispered. "Some day I may be shooting you, in one of my careless moods. What do you say, Isabel?"

She said nothing. She only leaned a little forward, and Charles threw his arms round her and strained her to him, in all the fervency of a first affection.

"My darling! you are too good for me."

The report of the medical men was favorable. The bleeding had been stopped, the shots extracted, and there was no appearance of danger. A little confinement, quiet, and proper treatment, they hoped, would set all to rights again.

No one had thought about dinner, and an hour, at least, after it ought to have been served, when Mr. Dalrymple had dropped into a calm sleep, and they were all gathered in the oak parlor, a servant came in, and said it was on the table.

"Then I will be gone," spoke Mr. Cleveland, "and wish you all a good appetite."

"Indeed you will not go without some dinner," returned Mrs. Dalrymple.

"I am in a pretty state for dinner," said he. "And I can't worry Dalrymple about coats, now. Look at me."

"Oh, Mr. Cleveland! do you think we shall regard your dress? Is this a time to be fastidious? We have not thought of it ourselves."

"No?" said Mr. Cleveland, looking at them. "I am sure you all look well. You are not in shooting-jackets and muddy boots."

"I am going to sit down as I am," interrupted Charles, who had not changed a thing since he came in.

Mrs. Dalrymple ended the matter by taking Mr. Cleveland's arm, and bearing him off towards the dining-room. Charles laid hold of Isabel Lynn, and the rest followed. Oscar was the only one who had dressed. In all emergencies he retained propriety and cool self-possession, even to the putting on of a coat.

It was a lively dinner-table, made so by the efforts of Mr. Cleveland: in fact, that was why he had remained. He had great faith in cheerful looks round a sick-bed; and did not want desponding ones shown to his friend Dalrymple.

CHAPTER II.

The seventh day after the accident was a day of rejoicing, for Mr. Dalrymple was so far recovered as to be up for some hours. A sofa was drawn before the fire, and he lay on it. The symptoms had all along been favorable, and he now merrily told them that if anybody had written to order him a cork leg, he thought it might be countermanded. They all made merry with him, paying him visits by turns. Alice and Miss Lynn had been in together: when they were leaving, he beckoned the latter back, but Alice did not notice, and went limping from the room.

"Do you want me to do anything for you?" asked Isabel, returning, and bending over the sofa.

"Yes," said Mr. Dalrymple, taking possession of both her hands, and looking up with an arch smile, "I want you to tell me what the secret is between you and that spooney, Charles."

Isabel Lynn's eyes drooped, and her face grew scarlet. She was unable to speak.

"*Won't* you tell me?" repeated Mr. Dalrymple.

"Has he been—saying anything to you, sir?" she faltered.

"Not he. Not a word. Somebody else told me they saw he and Miss Lynn had a secret between them, which might possibly bear results some day."

She burst into tears, got one of her hands free, and held it before her face.

"Nay, my dear," he kindly said, "I did not wish to make you uncomfortable. I only meant to joke: and just to say one thing, Isabel—that if you and Charlie should be talking secrets to each other, I and his mother will not say nay to it. Dry up your tears, child; it is a laughing matter, not a crying one. I invite you and Charles to drink tea with me this evening.—There."

Isabel escaped, half smiles, half tears. And she and Charles had tea with Mr. Dalrymple that evening. He took it early since his illness—six o'clock. Isabel made the tea, and Charles waited on his father, who was then in bed. When the tea was cleared away, Isabel went with it, and Charles sat by the bedside alone.

"This might have been an unlucky shot, Charles," Mr. Dalrymple suddenly observed.

"Oh, father! do not talk about it. I am so thankful!"

"But I am going to talk about it. To tell you why it would have been so unlucky, had it turned out differently. This accident has made me remember the uncertainty of life, if I never remembered it before. Put the candles off the table, Charles; I don't like them right in my eyes. And just get the lotion before you sit down."

Charles Dalrymple rose, did what was required, and resumed his seat.

"When I married, Charles, I was only the second brother, and no settlement was made on your mother. I had a post in London, as I believe you have heard, which brought me in six hundred a year, and we married on that, to rub on as we best could. And I dare say we should have rubbed on very well," added Mr. Dalrymple, in a sort of parenthesis, "for our desires were simple, and we were not likely to go beyond our income. However, when you were about two years old, Moat-Grange fell to me, through the death of my brother."

"He was my godfather, was he not?" interrupted Charles.

"Yes. He—"

"What was the cause of his death? He must have been a young man."

"Eight-and-twenty only. It was young. I gave up my post in London, and we came to Moat-Grange—"

"But what did my Uncle Charles die of?" asked Charles, again.

"Never mind what. It was an unhappy death, and we do not care to speak of it. Moat-Grange is worth about £2,000 a year; and, in one respect, we have done wrong since we came to it: we have put nothing by."

"Why should you have put by?" interrupted Charles.

"There. There is an exemplification of your random way of speaking and thinking. Moat-Grange is entailed upon you every shilling of it."

"Well?" said Charles. "It will be enough for me."

"I hope it will. But it would have been anything but 'well' had I died; for, in that case your mother and sisters would have been beggars."

"Oh, father."

"Yes. You would have had £2,000 a year, and they nothing. Let me go on. Charles Dalrymple left many debts behind him, some of them cruel ones: we will not enter into that. I (in a chivalrous feeling, perhaps, but which I and your mother have never repented of) took those debts upon me to pay off by degrees. And I paid them."

"Gothicly chivalrous, that was," thought Charles to himself.

"And the estate had also to be kept up, for I would not have it said that Moat-Grange suffered by its change of owners, and your mother thought with me; so that, altogether, we had a struggle for it, and were positively less at our ease for ready money here, than we had been in our little household in London. In about twelve years, I think it was, the debts were cleared off, and we had breathing time. Then we began to think about saving: but I am sorry to say it was only thought of; not done. The cost of educating you children had increased as you grew older: Alice's illness came on about that period, and was a great and continued expense: and, with one thing or other, we never did, or have, put by. Your expenses at College were enormous."

"Were they?" returned Charles, somewhat indifferently.

"Were they?" echoed Mr. Dalrymple, almost in a sharp tone. "Do you forget that you also ran into debt, like your Uncle Charles?"

"Not much, was it, sir?" cried Charles, deprecatingly, who remembered very little of the matter, beyond the fact that "the bills" had gone in to Moat-Grange.

"Pretty well," returned Mr. Dalrymple, with a cough. "The sum total averaged between six and seven hundred a year, for every year that you were there."

"Surely not?" uttered Charles, startled to contrition.

"It seems to have made but little impression on you; you knew it at the time. But I am not recalling this, to cast reproach to you now, Charles. You promised then that you would not get into debt again, and I believe you have kept your word."

"I have," he readily spoke up, the fearless look of truth on his countenance. "I have not exceeded the income you allow me."

"My boy, I believe you. And I only wanted to explain how it is that we have been unable to put by. Not a day, after I am well, will I delay beginning it. We will curtail our expenses, even in things hitherto considered necessary, no matter what the neighborhood may think; and I shall probably insure my life. Your mother and I were talking this over all day yesterday."

"I can do with less than you allow me, father; I will make the half of it do," said Charles, in one of his fits of impulse.

"We shall see that," said Mr. Dalrymple, with another cough. "But you do not know the trouble this has been to me since the accident, Charles. I have lain here, and dwelt incessantly upon the helpless condition of your mother and sisters—should I be called away."

"My dear father—though grateful I am that the fear has passed—you might have set your mind at rest. Do you suppose that I should ever have thought of disturbing my mother and sisters in their possession of their home? No: it should have been theirs just as much as it is now."

"Ah, Charles—those generous resolves are easier formed than kept. You will soon be wanting a home of your own. A wife, too, eh, Charles?"

"Time enough for that, sir," returned Charles, with a very conscious look.

"If you could only think so. But you are three-and-twenty, and I was married at your age."

Charles Dalrymple fidgeted on his chair—as if he would say something, but did not know how. Mr. Dalrymple relieved him.

"You have got your thoughts turned to Isabel Lynn: have you not?"

"Should you object to her, sir?" asked Charles, in hesitation.

"Quite the contrary. I like her much; and I believe your mother does. I have told Isabel so."

"Have you?" said Charles, opening his eyes.

"I told her so this afternoon. There is one thing against it, Charles."

"What is that?" asked he, in alarm.

"That she is too good for you."

Charles laughed. "I told her that myself, and asked her to give me up. It was the night the accident happened, when I was so truly miserable."

"And I suppose she would not listen to the advice?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, Charles, you could scarcely have chosen better, and might have chosen very much worse. So you shall have our good-will. Isabel has money, and—"

"I am sure I have not thought whether she has or not," interrupted Charles, quite indignantly. "I don't care about that part of the affair."

"Of course not," said Mr. Dalrymple, in a tone his son very much disliked, for he knew it betrayed no veneration for his own wisdom—"I should be surprised if you did. Commonplace ways and means, pounds, shillings, and pence, are beneath the exalted consideration of Mr. Charles Dalrymple. I should not wonder but you would set up to live upon air to-morrow, if you had nothing else to set up upon."

"Well, father, you know what I meant—that I am not mercenary."

"I should not wish you to be. Neither was I, when I spoke of Isabel's having money, nor has her possessing it influenced us, in approving of her. We like her for herself: but you will both, no doubt, find her fortune useful. There must be an additional allowance to you, instead of the subtraction you spoke of just now. Well—we must manage it. I would ten thousand times over rather you married, than ran wild and fell into folly, as did poor Charles Dalrymple. Have you talked of when it is to be, Charles?"

"Oh, sir—not this year."

"This year will soon be out. Next, I suppose?"

"I suppose so."

"And this brings us round to our argument. Do you not see—were I gone and you married—that the Grange would be your home? And that your mother and sisters would be thrust out upon the world?"

"Never, father. If—if Isabel were here, would there not be room for all?"

"No, Charles," answered Mr. Dalrymple, gravely, "there would not be room. Isabel would wish and require to be mistress in her own house. And your mother could scarcely remain in this house, if it owned another mistress."

"They—they could both act as mistress," said Charles, dubiously.

Mr Dalrymple shook his head.

"Two mistresses never answered yet," he said. "And there is another thing, Charles, that I have never found answer: a wife and mother-in law living together; especially in the house where the latter has ruled as mistress. It would not do in this."

"Well, sir, let us be thankful that there will be no cause to try it."

"Ay, Charles, I am thankful—and for my own sake—that my life is yet spared to me. But the future of your mother and sisters has been as a thorn in my side, now that I have been brought face to face with death."

"Hear me, father!" exclaimed Charles, rising, "had the worst happened, they should have been my first care: I declare it to you. First and foremost, even before Isabel."

"Are you going down, Charles? Bring a light here. My leg is very uneasy."

"Does it pain you?" inquired Charles, who had noticed that his father was restless.—"How tight the bandage is! But the leg appears swollen."

"The effect of the bandage being tight," remarked Mr Dalrymple. "Loosen it, and put plenty of lotion on."

"It feels very hot," were Charles's last words.

They were sitting round the fire just before bed-time, Selina, Alice, Miss Lynn, Charles, and Oscar. So certain were they of the good result of the accident, that they had got to speak lightly of it—not of the accident, none would have been capable of that, but of the circumstances attending it. They had just been recommending Charles never in future to touch any weapon stronger than a pop-gun.

"I don't mean to," said Charles.

"What a long closeting you had with papa, to-night, after Isabel came down," remarked Selina. "What was the conference about, Charles? Was he reading you a lecture how to carry loaded guns?"

"Not that," broke in Oscar. "He was charging him how to reign at Moat-Grange, when he comes into it—as he was so near doing lately."

Charles glanced up quickly, almost believing Oscar must have been hid in the bed-chamber wall

"You have nearly hit it, Oscar," said he.—"Moat-Grange was the chief subject of our conversation."

"Only to think of it!" uttered Alice—"that we have been so close to losing the Grange. For if dear papa had died, it would be Charlie's."

"Ay, all Charles's; and you no longer would have had any right here, even Mrs. Dalrymple," cried Oscar, in a musing tone, as if speaking for his own benefit. "I dare say that has worried Mr. Dalrymple."

"I know it has," spoke up Charles, in his hasty way: "that was what he was telling me. But there was no occasion for it."

"No, thank Heaven! as things have turned out," exclaimed Selina.

"Nor if they had turned out differently," added Charles. "My father might have made himself easy on that score."

"Should you have sent us adrift, Charles?" asked Alice.

"To be sure I should; in double-quick time," answered Charles, advancing behind Alice and tilting her chair back to kiss her, and keeping her in that position. "Sharp the word, and quick the motion, it would have been with me then. I should have paid a premium with you both, and shipped you off by some emigrant ship, that you might never trouble me and the Grange again."

"And mamma, Charlie?"

"Oh, mamma—I *might*, perhaps, have allowed her to stop," returned Charles, with a mock serious face. "On condition that she would have acted as my housekeeper."

They all laughed: they were secure in the love of Charles: in the midst of which, Charles felt somebody touch his shoulder. It was Mrs. Dalrymple

"Dearest mamma," said he, letting Alice and her chair go forward to their natural position, and stepping backwards, laughing still. "Did you hear what we were saying?"

"Yes, Charles," she sighed. "I heard it.—Have you a mind for a ride to night?"

"A ride!" exclaimed Charles. "To find the emigrant ship?"

"I have told James to get the gig ready. He can go, if you do not, but I thought you might be the quicker driver. It is to bring Mr. Forth. Some change has taken place in your father's leg. It is worse."

All their mirth was forgotten instantly. They sat speechless.

"He complained, just now, of the bandage being too tight, and said Charles had pretended to loosen it, but must have only fancied that he did so. I looked at it, and it is so much inflamed and swollen, and he cannot bear the pain. I fear," she added, sitting down on a chair and bursting into tears, "that we have reckoned on his recovery too soon—that it is far off yet."

Charles flew to the coach house, and helped to harness in the horse, not that he apprehended danger. He soon brought back Mr. Forth.

Mrs. Dalrymple, Charles, and Oscar went with Mr. Forth to the chamber. He uncovered the leg, took off the bandage and linen, and held the wax-light close. He gave but one look, and then glanced up with a too expressive face. *Erysipelas had set in.*

Nobody understood, or was alarmed. Mrs. Dalrymple asked the cause of the change, the sudden heat and pain.

"It is a change—that—does—sometimes come on," drawled Mr. Forth, who, of course, as a medical man, would have protested against danger, had he known his patient was going to drop off the next moment but one.

"That redness about it," said Mr. Dalrymple, "that's new."

"A touch of erysipelas," remarked the surgeon.

But all were hopeful at the Grange. Even though Mr. Forth came repeatedly, not only the succeeding day, but the next, and the next, and always brought the physician with him. They were naturally anxious, but they had been imbued with the notion that the danger was over, and none of them looked to the worst side.

One day the medical men were driving out of the stable-yard—they generally came and went that way, for it was more convenient to the high road than the front entrance—when they met Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Forth pulled up, and Mr. Cleveland leaned on the gig while he talked to them, one hand on the wing, and the other on the dash-board.

"How is he this morning?"

"We were speaking of you, sir," cried Mr. Forth: "saying that you, as Mr. Dalrymple's chief friend, would be the best to break the news at the Grange. There is no hope."

"No hope of his life?"

"None. A day or two must terminate it."

Mr. Cleveland was inexpressibly shocked. He could not at first speak.

"This is very sudden, gentlemen."

"Not particularly so. You knew that erysipelas had come on."

"Yes, I know that," answered Mr. Cleveland.

"There has been little hope since. And what there was, has gone now. We have done all in our power, but it has mastered us. Will you break it to Mr. Dalrymple?"

"Yes," he answered, quitting them. "It is a hard task; but somebody must do it."

He went straight to Mr. Dalrymple's bedroom, and remained with him some time. Charles, who had been despatched to the town on a matter of business, did not get home till evening. He also went there. His mother left the chamber as he went in. She had her handkerchief to her face: Charles supposed she was afraid of the draught. He approached the bed.

"How are you by this time, sir?"

Mr. Dalrymple, who was looking flushed and restless, laid hold of Charles's hand and held it between both of his. "Have they told you the news, my boy?" he whispered.

"No," answered Charles, whose thoughts did not point to the true meaning of the words. "Is there any?"

Mr. Dalrymple gazed up at him, a yearning gaze. And an uneasy sensation stole over his son.

"I am going to leave you, Charles."

Charles sank down by the side of the bed. It was as if a thunderbolt had struck him: and one that was to leave its trace throughout his life. "Father! it cannot be!"

"In a day or two, Charles. That is all they allow me now of life."

He cried out, with a loud, wailing cry, and let his head drop on the counterpane beside his father.

"You must not take it too much to heart, my son. Remember: that is one of my dying injunctions."

"I wish I could die for you, father!" he passionately uttered. "I shall never forgive myself."

"I forgive you heartily and freely, Charles. Let that suffice. It was a lamentable accident, but it must have been permitted for some wise end. I forgive and bless you. I could die in peace, but for the thought of your mother and sisters. I can but leave them to you: will you cherish and provide for them?"

He lifted up his head, speaking eagerly. "I will, I will. They shall be my only care. Father! I will never marry. Here I swear——"

"Be silent, Charles!" interrupted Mr. Dalrymple, his voice raised to hoarseness. "How dare you? *Never take a rash oath.*"

"I mean to perform it, father."

"Hush! Act always according to the best of your abilities and conscience, but never bind yourself to what you may prove unable to perform. Future affairs, which may look to us dark and perplexing, sometimes clear up wonderfully in the working. Perhaps you may be able to provide for them without marring your own prospects. A way may be found."

"Yes, yes," sighed Charles; "be at ease respecting them; they shall be my care, as I told you, even before Isabel. But, oh, to lose you thus! My father! say once more that you do forgive me!"

"From my very heart and soul. Do not grieve, Charles. Take counsel of your mother in all things, when I am gone. Bless you, my boy, bless you!"

"If Mr. Charles had but let me draw that there charge from his gun," bewailed the gamekeeper aloud, as mourners, friends, tenants, and servants were falling into order, after laying Mr. Dalrymple in his grave, "the squire would have been here now." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A CORRECT MISNOMER.—We know an old lady, who when she alludes to the leader of the Mormons, always calls him—either unintentionally, or else by a curious jumble of ideas—"Mr. Bigamy Young."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—carried in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

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THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

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BRITISH ART.

We have omitted to call the attention of our readers to the collection of English and Scottish paintings, in oil and water colors, now being exhibited at the Academy of Fine Arts. The exhibition has had its origin, we believe, in a natural desire of the British artists to share the profits of American patronage with their French, German and Italian brethren, who so far have managed nearly to monopolize the American market. The pictures are generally for sale, and some seven or eight thousand dollars, we believe, has already been invested in them by our citizens. We may add here, we hope without offence, that several of the pictures marked "sold," are by no means the best in the collection.

Our own interest in visiting these pictures, was in no small degree stimulated by hearing that the collection contained a very fair specimen of what has been so much talked about of late, the Pre-Raphaelite school. The painting in question is an illustration of the Scripture, "Behold I stand at the door and knock"—and our surprise was indeed very great in beholding it. We were disposed to regard it favorably, having understood that Pre-Raphaelitism was based upon a literal rendering of nature, not only in great things, but in such small ones as leaves and grasses—and although such faithful imitation alone, it is clear, could never reach the summits of high art, it is a very excellent basis to start from, and to return to occasionally; for Art, in its struggle with the Ideal, like Antæus, gains fresh strength whenever it touches its mother Earth. But it must leave the Earth sometimes in order to be able to retouch it.

If this, however, which we see in Mr. Hunt's painting be Pre-Raphaelitism, then are we disappointed indeed. It looks to us like the tawdry effort of some half-barbarian artist—not destitute of genius, but struggling up towards the regions of the simple and the true. If this be an example of the condition of art before Raphael's time, we have never sufficiently estimated the greatness of that great artist's genius. We now begin to understand why it is that his name occupies so high a niche in the temple of fame.

One peculiarity will strike Americans in looking at these English pictures—the excessive greenness of the grass. We have heard tourists say that the English grass is of a very different color from our own bluish-green, and we suppose that the color of the grass in these paintings is strictly correct. If it is, we must be allowed to express the opinion that our own darker-colored grass looks far richer and more beautiful in a picture, however it may look in reality. The grass in these English paintings—in some of them especially—is to us a great blemish. Probably to English eyes it is different.

Among the noticeable pictures are "The Installation of Captain Rock"—a finely-executed portrait of the sculptor Powers—the "Parting of Lord and Lady Russell," a noble and tender subject well rendered—"King Lear," by Brown, which did not strike us favorably—"The Montagues and Capulets"—'Black Agnes of Dunbar"—"The Eve of St. Agnes," another picture by Hunt, and, as we think, an infinitely finer one than the other—and Izaak Walton Fishing in the Colne, a beautiful and carefully executed painting by Ward, which we would like to own.

"Dora," a scene from Tennyson's poem—"The Mistletoe Bough"—and "Samson in the Mill," are also well worth the particular attention of visitors.

The water colors are said to be fine specimens of art—and many of them are interesting, either for their subject or their execution, or for both. Such as "Think a minute," "Faust and Margaret in the Garden," "A Prussian Fair," "The Back of Skiddaw," "The First Ragged School," "Stonehenge," &c., &c.

In addition to these new paintings, are of course all the old treasures of the Academy, which of themselves will amply repay a visit. As the exhibition of the English pictures closes on the 20th, those who have delayed visiting them will have but little time for further procrastination.

MACAULAY.—We see it stated that the *London Times, Edinburgh Review*, and "every organ of the weekly and daily press" of England that has spoken upon the subject, consider that Baron Macaulay has *failed* to make out his case against William Penn. He has had seven years to think over the matter—seven years to allow his prejudices to cool—seven years to examine all the historical records for new evidence—and the result is very little more than an obstinate declaration of his *belief* in the justice of the original charge. We have read of one Baron, who was "Barren of Intellect"—we fear Baron Macaulay is "Barren of Charity."

FRANCE.

Some little free speech still exists in France, Judging from the following language, which M. Emile Olivier recently uttered in the Legislative body, when opposing the passage of the Safety Bill:—

"No liberty exists. The greatest of all, that of the Press, is annihilated: and yet you come to ask for laws of public safety! Do you not fear that the country may say, I have sacrificed to you my liberty, my franchises, my traditions, the conquests of my blood—all that has made me glorious among nations—for the sake of a little tranquillity, and now you ask for more. Where will you stop?"

Yes, that is truly the question. Where will Louis Napoleon stop? He has now reached that point where going forward, we think, is more dangerous than going backward. Were we in his place—of course, a not very probable supposition—the following would be our programme:—We would issue an address to the French people, saying that we were about tired with the present working of things. That we wanted to know, once again, whether France really desired us at her head or not. That we were tired of governing by the chain and sword, and would govern so no longer. We therefore would completely unmuzzle both the press and the tribune, and, at the end of say three months' discussion, take a fresh and perfectly fair vote of the nation upon the subject. If they voted anew for Louis Napoleon, we would continue at the head of affairs. If they voted nay, we would resign at once all the dignities and prerogatives of our high office—including that of being periodically shot at—and take our pleasure once more in a private station. And that hereafter, we would reign undeniably by the voice of France, or not at all—our country being perfectly welcome to get rid of our services, as soon as she thought she could find any one to rule her better.

This may sound absurd—but is it not really sensible? What sane man would wish to exchange a happy private lot for the turbulent career of Louis Napoleon? To govern a nation—to put up with all its folly, unreason, caprices, and instabilities—what truly sane man would wish to do it, except so far as he might serve his fellow men and the cause of righteousness thereby? See—a few brief years, and it is all over. What matters it, when we come to stand before the Great Judge, whether one was called servant, and another monarch? Then, if not before, we shall begin to realise the truth of the poet's lines:—

> Honor and shame from no condition rise;
> *Act well your part*—there all the honor lies.

We pity Louis Napoleon! he has sacrificed, and is sacrificing, so much—truth, honor, sweet content—and to obtain so little! Give us, in preference to a kingdom, a pretty little farm in some one of our neighboring counties, and $50,000 in good securities.

SINGULAR LEGAL DECISION.

We quote the following decision, which is said to be good *law*—whatever else it may be—for its great practical importance:—

Grove *vs.* Hughes.—This was an action tried before Judge Strong at Nisi Prius, the facts of which were these:—William Hughes had leased to D P. Grove for seven years the premises, 102 North Eighth street, at an annual rent of $4,500. These premises were burned in about one year from the commencement of the lease. They were insured, and the policy was held by the landlord, who drew the insurance money, and did not rebuild. The tenant did rebuild, and having paid his rent, brought this action to recover the amount expended by him in rebuilding.

Judge Strong held that in case of a lease containing no express covenant on the part of the landlord to rebuild, that he was not bound to rebuild; that the fact of his receiving insurance money created no obligation to rebuild; that the rent was not suspended by the destruction of the premises, but the tenant must continue to pay it; and that since the lease provided that at its expiration the tenant should surrender it "in good order, reasonable wear and tear excepted," it was questionable whether the tenant himself was not at all events bound to rebuild. The judge therefore directed a nonsuit.

It would appear by the above—if we correctly understand it—that if A leases a store of B for $4,600, for seven years—and the store is burnt down during the first year—that B is entitled to his rent for the whole seven years; and, further, to have his store rebuilt for him by the expiration of that period. Thus B not only gets his $4,600 a year for seven years, and his store into the bargain—but the insurance money to the full value of the store also. While A pays his rent for six years, and gets nothing in return—save the pleasure and expense of rebuilding B's store for him. If this be *law*—it certainly is not justice—persons who take properties on a lease, should be very careful to have saving clauses inserted. Great is the law!—and lawyers live by its follies and inconsistencies, which render lawyers almost indispensable. We do not wonder that Peter the Great—after spending a day in the English Courts—said that "he had only one lawyer in his dominions, and when he got home he would hang him."

THE report that Alsopp, the Englishman, who was associated with the assassins of the *Rue Lepelletier*, is in this city, is generally believed, but on what grounds I cannot ascertain. Nobody seems to have seen him or to know anything about his movements, though everybody subscribes to the suspicion that he is lurking about the city. It is understood that the federal officers here have received instructions from Washington to keep a sharp lookout for him.—*N. Y. Correspondent.*

If the Federal officers have received any instructions at all, we have little doubt they are to keep a "sharp lookout" not to see him. Our Government will hardly care to burden itself with the decision of Alsopp's case, if it can avoid it.

THE RELIGIOUS REVIVAL.—A prayer meeting for business men is now held daily in this city at Jayne's Hall, and is largely attended. The revival is said to have extended into twenty States. It is to be hoped that it will not prove the mere spasmodic action of a community always on the search for some new excitement; but that its results will be permanent, and conducive to a lasting reform in men's characters and lives. "By their fruits ye shall know them. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 204—Adults 99, and children 105.

THE FRENCH PASSPORT SYSTEM

Her Majesty's Ambassador at Paris, having in pursuance of instructions from the Earl of Clarendon, inquired of the French Government whether British subjects will be permitted to land in France without passports, when they have no intention of proceeding into the interior; and also whether her Majesty's Consuls will have power to grant passports to such persons to proceed to Paris or elsewhere; his Excellency has been informed by the French Minister for Foreign Affairs that no person whatever will be permitted to land in France without a passport, nor will a Consul's passport given to any one who may have landed without one, be recognized.

In view of the above, *The Times*, and other English papers, are advising their fellow countrymen not to visit France, except when called there by urgent business. As the same stringent regulations doubtless apply to Americans, perhaps it would be well also for our citizens to give France a wide berth for the present. They should remember, further, that it is now almost ten years since the French have had a Revolution—and the indications would lead one to believe that, like the "bhoy" in New York, they are absolutely "spiling for want of a muss." When July comes, and the weather grows warm, and brains hot, we may naturally expect sharp work again in Paris.

If such should not be the case, however, a dearth of English and American money-spenders in Paris, would doubtless have a very beneficial effect in opening the eyes of Louis Napoleon to the impolicy of any measures calculated to lessen the number of his foreign visitors.

HORSE TAMING.

Mr. A. S. B., of Naperville, Ill., writes to us as follows respecting Mr. Rarey and horse taming in general:—

I judge from the accounts in the papers that his power over the horse, and the source from which it proceeds, are the same as those of a man who exhibited his powers through this country some four years ago whose name I have forgotten. This man of whom I speak exercised his powers upon a wild colt of mine, going through precisely the same performances with him as those described by the papers as being done by Mr. Rarey before the Queen and other dignitaries of England.

I purchased his receipt, and have used it with success. There is no mystery about it. It is the effect of a certain powder blown into the horse's nostrils, which renders him passive and affectionate, and is very useful to all horsemen. It is not uncommon to have colts so nervous or naturally vicious as to render it almost impossible to break them in to be kind and gentle. For this kind of horses this receipt is invaluable, as the lessons they receive while under the influence of this medicine are never forgotten.

Mr. B. does not say of what the powder he mentions is composed. Probably he is under an obligation not to divulge that part of the secret.

FASHION.—A French "*Journal des Modes*" announces that "the old Roman blouse, composed of fine cambric muslin, with a red narrow band as a zone, fastened with silver clasps," is coming into vogue for ladies morning-dresses. Does not this menace the extinction of crinoline?

New Publications.

THE VALEDICTORY ADDRESS, BY ANN PRESTON, M. D., delivered before the Graduating Class of the Female Medical College, Philadelphia, on the 27th of February, 1858, comes to us in a neat pamphlet. It is a voice, clear and brave, telling the young graduates that the way is long and hard, beset with as many dragons and dangers as ever fell in the path of the knight-errant of Gothic fable, and vindicating the right and the power of women to walk in it. Home, the lady concedes, is woman's sphere, but she bids us remember that the most conservative usage justifies the noble and useful labors that woman has wrought in all ages beyond the limits of that confine. "Miriam and Deborah," she reminds us, "Phœbe and Priscilla, and those who were last at the cross and earliest at the grave, found their spheres where they could sympathize with the suffering, or minister to human welfare." And home itself would, as she says, lose much of its happy lustre if the names and deeds of the Veturias and Hypatias, the Joan D'Arcs and Laura Bassis, the Guyons and Fletchers, the Elizabeth Frys and Grace Darlings, the Dorothea Dixes and Florence Nightingales, were blotted from the public page of history and the memory of the world. So, too, the annals of medicine would suffer injury if they lost the recorded observations of Madame Boivin and Madame Lachapelle. Then comes the exhortation to the observance of those moral principles and duties "which are the same for the professional and the unprofessional." "Probity, simplicity, modesty, hope, patience, benevolence, prudence, are needed alike by the woman and the physician." Rules for practical guidance follow: the opportunities and methods of medical culture now open to women, are noted and enjoined; the importance of general education, intelligence, and constant discipline of the soul and senses in aid of the profession, is descanted upon; and the address closes with a touching and earnest appeal to the graduates to consecrate themselves to their profession, as to the noblest and holiest of duties. It is a simple, temperate, and cogent composition, and has that quality which Lord Bacon commended when he said that "discretion in speech is more than eloquence." We hope it may induce all who may be fortunate enough to read it, to send in contributions in aid of this much-needed College, so happily located here in Philadelphia, the centre of the medical learning of America, and so important an instrument in the good cause of giving women an additional area of usefulness and happiness, and developing and directing the sympathies and tendencies of the womanly nature in one of its most legitimate channels—the service of the suffering.

☞ Law usage is wont to be observed as law, in things which do not come down to us from written laws. Indeed, a rule of right, which has been so highly approved that it was not necessary to reduce it to writing, is esteemed of great authority. Wherefore most rightly even this has been received, that positive enactments are abrogated, not only by the suffrage of the Legislature, but by disuse, by common consent. —*Pandects of Justinian*

NEWS ITEMS.

THE TURKISH ADMIRAL, who is unfortunate enough to have fallen into the clutches of the New Yorkers, is undergoing the usual round of seeing the lions. His Gothamite friends provide liberal supplies of liquor, beer and other matters, which he is not allowed by his religion to touch, and of course they devour them.

GENERAL CASS.—A rumor is circulating through the newspapers, that General Cass will probably resign the office of Secretary of State. Doubtful.

NEW YORK TOWN ELECTIONS.—Returns from thirty-nine counties, show the election of supervisors standing politically thus:—Republicans, 434; Democrats, 221; Americans and Republican Americans, 81.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.—An annular eclipse of the sun took place on the 15th instant. In the United States it was partial, and visible east of Wisconsin, Illinois and Mississippi. The sun rose about 6 o clock 12 minutes, partially eclipsed on the southern limb.

THE account given by the New Orleans Delta of the reopening of the slave trade, is said by Southern gentlemen at Washington to be untrue.

SOME time since, five little children were killed at Volkenhain Silesia, by a boy of ten, who locked them up in a large trunk. The young murderer has just been condemned to five years' imprisonment. He gave as the motive for his crime, a desire to punish a little girl who had injured his sister. "As for the other children," said he "I could not prevent them from dying with her."

NINE hundred persons left New York for California, on Saturday afternoon, 5th instant, on board the steamers Moses Taylor and St. Louis. The rate of passage has been recently reduced from $125 to $50, which, it is said, is the reason of this sudden emigration to California.

IN FAVOR OF TORTURE.—The Post Zeitung, of Augsburg, an ultramontane journal, has pronounced itself in favor of torture in extraordinary cases, since the recent attempt on the life of Louis Napoleon.

BALTIMORE, March 9.—The Methodist Episcopal Conference, now in session in this city, to-day resolved to establish a newspaper, to disabuse the public mind as relation to its views on the question of slavery—claiming to occupy a conservative position.

A BOSTON paper notices that a Dr. Codman of that city has made, for a young lady in that vicinity, a porcelain nose, to be worn with spectacles, which is of the exact shape of the original organ, and a color like that of the natural skin. It is said to be deficient in one respect, she cannot make it "turn up." Some, however, may consider that an advantage.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.—*Concord, N. H., March* 11th.—Returns from 211 towns show a majority for Haile, the Republican candidate for Governor, of 4,926. In the Legislature the House stands 191 Republicans to 80 Democrats. The Democrats of New Hampshire occupy as a body Anti-Lecompton grounds.

THE removal of Judge Loring has been carried in the Massachusets House, by a vote of 127 to 101.

A "ROYAL" TYPO.—According to an ancient usage in Prussia, all the Princes of the royal family, must learn a trade. It is stated that the Prince Frederick William, just married to the Princess Royal of England, learned the trade of a compositor in the printing office of Mr. Hauel, at Berlin.

WE see by the Elyria (Ohio) Democrat, that Mr. W. Meeker recovered a verdict of $1,200 against P. Knowles for damages sustained by the former by being cut by a scythe in the hands of the latter, in September, 1854. The two were at work, when a careless sweep of the defendant's scythe inflicted a cut on the leg of the plaintiff, which, of course, must have been a very severe one to have warranted so large a verdict.

A SAD HONEYMOON—*Youth and Crime.*—Charles Albaugh was recently tried, convicted, and sentenced in Cleveland, Ohio, for robbing the mail. The Columbus (Ohio) Gazette says:

Charles Albaugh is only 20 years of age, and the events of the past few months will fill an important chapter in his life's history. On Christmas day he eloped with his landlord's daughter, Miss German, in her sixteenth year, went to Alexandria, Penn., and was married. An effort was made to keep the affair secret, but it was discovered by the girl's parents, who were highly incensed at their daughter's imprudence.

On the 28th of January, Mr. Prentiss, the United States mail agent, arrested Albaugh upon a charge of robbing the mail. He was taken to Cleveland, tried, convicted, and sentenced before the United States Court, and upon reaching Cardington, on his way to the penitentiary, the young wife came aboard the cars to bid farewell to her convict husband. The meeting was a painfully affecting one. She begged him to keep up his spirits, to make a firm resolve to do his whole duty while in prison She vowed to stick to him though all the rest of the world should forsake him; for, said she, "Charley, we are both young; we have years of happiness in store for us, and when your time has expired, we can go to some other land where the offence will not be known, where we can live happily together, and earn an honest livelihood."

The poor girl nerved herself to the task, and as she wiped the tears away from the cheeks of her young husband, she never whimpered.

The car was full of passengers, who witnessed the scene with tearful emotion. The conductor, who, at the request of the officers, had kindly delayed a few moments, to give the young couple an opportunity of meeting each other, at last notified them that he could delay no longer, and the whistle gave notice that the cars were about starting. "Keep up your courage like a man, Charley," said the fair heroine, and as she kissed his cheek, she turned to leave him, but overpowered by her feelings, that she had thus far kept under control, she fell fainting in the arms of the bystanders, who carried her gently into the station-house, and the cars rolled over the rails with increasing speed to make up for the detention.

FROM KANSAS.—PROCLAMATION BY GOV. DENVER.—St. Louis, March 11.—Gov. Denver has issued a proclamation, pronouncing the circular purporting to be instructions for enrolling the Kansas militia, signed by J. H. Lane, as illegal, and, on the part of Lane, a usurpation of power.

An address of a joint committee of the Topeka Legislature says, that for want of a quorum, the Legislature has adjourned, and the members refer back to the people the question whether the constitution is dead or not.

ST. LOUIS, March 9.—The Republican learns that an attempt has been made to abduct the judges of election of Delaware Crossing, in order to prevent them from giving evidence before Gov. Denver, as requested by Calhoun. Isaac Mundee, one of the judges, was shot in the head and killed. (It is since reported that Mundee committed suicide.)

A letter from Fort Scott says that place had been taken by a company of Gen. Lane's men, who were robbing stores and stealing horses. No lives had been lost.

The clerks of election of Shawnee precinct are preparing a certificate, under oath, stating that they gave the testimony they did before the Investigating Committee of the Kansas Legislature under threats of death.

The St. Louis Leader learns, from a gentleman who has just arrived from Kansas, that the Topekaites and anti-Topekaites of Leavenworth have quarrelled concerning the policy to be pursued, and two sets of candidates have been nominated for the new constitutional convention. The Democrats make no nominations.

It was reported that Gen. Lane has issued a proclamation, calling upon the free State militia to attack western Missouri. The report is discredited.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE GHOST OF BYGONE CEREMONY—A DOUBLE DEMONSTRATION—A NOTABLE BANQUET—INTERNATIONAL HOSPITALITIES—A FEAT OF ENGINEERING—AN INGENIOUS DEVICE—FRENCH NOTION OF AN ENGLISH MILOR'.

Paris, February 18, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Yesterday being Ash-Wednesday, clapped a sudden extinguisher on the wild gaieties of the Carnival, which, shorn though it be of its former splendors, is still honored with a few masks, a good many balls, and the immemorial procession of the *Bœuf Gras*, or Fat Oxen, a relic of old Pagan superstitions and sacrifice. This promenade, more amusing to the public who turn out in shoals to witness it, than to the poor weary animals who thus drag their cumbrous bodies through the city previous to being devoured by the spectators who gaze on them, was advertised this year as about to be conducted with uncommon splendor, and certainly the programme looked sufficiently imposing in the columns of the newspapers. Four superb animals, the finest raised this year in France, decked out with garlands of paper flowers, ribbons and tinsel, a band of "Sacrificators" in Druidic costume, all the gods and goddesses of Olympus and of Valhalla, Father Time in appropriate garb, a band of municipal officers habited in the guise of the 13th century, old French and Gallic heroes, all these in full costumes devised, "regardless of expense," by the costume-maker of the Opera, and the cars and canopies ornamented by the "decorators" of the same establishment, accompanied by bands of music, and escorted by detachments of the Guards, made up a very fine affair upon paper, but unfortunately looked rather gaudy and trumpery by broad daylight. However, the public turned out *en masse* as usual; and seemed bent on finding it splendid.

The poor animals, in their three days' march, visit the Tuileries and all the members of the Imperial Family; the Ministers, Ambassadors, Baron Rothschild and other monetary-nababs; the Prefects and other nobilities; and formerly used, not unfrequently to fall down in the street, and die of fatigue before the end of their march. As such a catastrophe entails a heavy loss on the butcher who has purchased the animal, to say nothing of the disagreeable impression on the public mind, the animals are now taken out two at a time, so as to give them a day's rest; and, when not strong enough to bear the march, are paraded in gaudy cars. By means of these precautions, the four noble beasts who have this day laid down their lives for the Parisian tables, may have managed to get through their last wandering without any mortal fatigue. But when one sees the patient hoofs so meekly pressing the unwonted and unwelcome pavements, the great mild eyes, to which the Greeks likened those of Juno, looking out with dim wonder and beseechment on the crowds that press around them, the weary limbs that try every now and then to lie down and rest, and think that this creature, so innocent and so unresisting, is to be taken into a slaughter-house, butchered and eaten, it is apt to make one wish that vegetarianism may sometime or other, in the indefinite improvement of things in general, and of vegetables in particular, become a possible dietary for the sustenance of nerve and muscle!

There have been but few masks this year; and those of a very seedy and rubbishy class, principally boys and young men of the lower orders, dressed in villainous tattered garments, with faces whitened, blackened, or reddened at the pleasure of their respective possessors, and a great display of tattered umbrellas, brooms, and saucepans or other incongruous objects stuck on their heads.

Masks have been the rage in the balls lately given; the more outrageously absurd the transformation the better. Among the most successful are a young lady who personates a rose-bush with great success; a gigantic grasshopper who goes through a quadrille with charming ease and grace; a bridge with a tree at each end and a toll gate in the middle, and a windmill with its sail turning, which creates an immense sensation, and excites universal enthusiasm wherever it appears.

At La Chapelle, in the outskirts of Paris where the people have been getting up a *bœuf gras* on their own account, an old inhabitant, aged 107 years, solicited and obtained the honor of figuring in the *cortége* as old Father Time, to the great delight of the native population, whose gratification was enhanced by the fact that this old patriarch possesses a long, white beard, perfectly in keeping with his part.

The attempt of last month has led to the division of the Empire into five Military Commandments, each having its own organization, army and chief; these chiefs being Generals Canrobert, Magnan, Bosquet, Castellane, and Baraguay d'Hilliers. The object of this organization is to hold in check the conspirators of the secret societies, and to be able to oppose a prompt and energetic action to any attempt on their part. To complete this military organization, the post of Minister of the Interior has been conferred on General Espinasse. A bill is now pending in the Legislative Chamber conferring more powers on the Government to the same end, for the next ten years. These measures seem stringent, and it is not to the honor of the nation that they should be called for. But when one considers that the party against whom they are directed, and who alone will be affected by them, are really political and social desperadoes, who stick at nothing in their attempts to overthrow the administration, and would oppose in like manner any other form of settled government, one's horror of the seeming tyranny is much diminished. But the address which General Espinasse made to the French people, under the guise of a letter to the Prefect of the Seine, on entering upon his new post, and the speech of Count de Morny in the Chamber when bringing in the new bill, are curious evidences of the democratic tendency of the times, and which the present government shares, despite appearances, more thoroughly than any preceding one has ever done. In the letter, General Espinasse shows that the appointment of a soldier to a civil office is done in view only of enabling the government to present a front so strongly organized that the secret conspirators will be prevented from stirring by the certainty of being instantaneously crushed; and of thus enabling the body of the nation to enjoy the stability and quiet they need and demand: the government having no intention of taking any measure that can interfere with the liberty and well-being of the orderly part of the community. The Count de Morny, in his speech, takes the same ground, but enters into a long and most able investigation of the "situation," showing what services have been rendered in past times by Legitimacy, the Orleanists, and the Republicans; that the time for their usefulness has passed, and calling on all honest lovers of their country to rally round the sovereign chosen by "unparalleled majorities," and by their union to enable the Emperor to introduce the large measure of liberty which can only exist upon a broad basis of national confidence and union. Unhappily for France, it is to be doubted whether such a union is possible; for there is no national spirit in the people. Each party is a party only; intent on party triumph, and, so far from being willing to merge their respective formulas in a united effort to obtain the gradual establishment of the various necessary reforms, unwilling to accept the very measures they approve, because effected by a ruler whom they would like to overthrow in favor of their various hostile candidates.—Theories in social science are certainly necessary, like hypotheses in physical investigation; and the French have propounded many beautiful ones which have given an impetus to the cause of rational freedom; but to prefer theory to fact, and still more to reject improvement because proceeding from another source than that of one's favorite formula, is hardly worthy of reasonable beings; and one turns with satisfaction from the saturnalia of theorizings and mutual jealousies to which France has given herself up, to the sober career of practical reform upon which Russia seems to be entering. A grand public banquet, the first public dinner that ever took place in that country, was lately held in Moscow, the old capital of the Empire, where the most eminent members of the progress party, nobles, capitalists, men of letters, and merchants, presided over by the former tutor of the present sovereign, met to testify their sympathy with him in the measures now taking for the enfranchisement of the serfs. The Governor of Moscow, shocked at so bold an innovation, advised the giving up of the projected banquet. The projectors declined to renounce their plan, and the anxious functionary wrote off to headquarters for directions. Alexander dictated a reply, which was telegraphed to the Governor, ordering him to offer no opposition, but on the contrary to aid the project, and desired him to state to the promoters of the dinner that he was much touched by their manifestation of sympathy with the course on which he had entered, and wished them to know that, if he were not present with them in the body, he certainly should be so in spirit, during their repast. This message, transmitted to the getters-up of the dinner, was delivered to them on sitting down to table, and created a whirlwind of loyal enthusiasm more easily imagined than described.

The Swiss are giving a grand banquet in honor of the opening of the Geneva and Lyons railway. The banquet, for the due splendor of which the Federal Government has voted 22,000 francs, with an additional sum if needed, will take place at Bourg; a crowd of ministers, prefects, delegates, literary men, and capitalists from Piedmont and France being expected to the feast. A private subscription is going on in Bourg with great spirit, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the getting up of a grand ball in the Election-Hall, in which 5,000 people are to "trip it on the light fantastic toe." Such international proceedings are certainly pleasanter than battles and blockades.

Holland is not the only country in which the wit of man is rifling vast expenses of water of their prey. A very important operation, not generally known, has been going on for some time in the Roman States, where the lake of Celano, in the Abruzzi, is being drained by order of the government. The affair is really a very interesting one, the lake being ten miles broad, and nearly as long, and consequently takes skillful engineering and a large outlay to accomplish. Two thousand work-people are employed on it, and nearly double that number will be needed when the bottom is clear, and the preparing of the ground for cultivation is put in hand. The lovers of the picturesque will regret the disappearance of this noble sheet, with its glorious environment of wooded mountains, and lovely valley-perspectives. But when we remember that these insidious waters, constantly accumulating because they have no sufficient outlet, have successively swallowed up a host of villages and even cities that were once on their banks, and have now lain for centuries beneath their surface, one cannot but applaud the undertaking. The antique cities of Valeria, Archippa, and Penna, once gems on their margin, will now be brought to light once more, and may possibly be of interest to the antiquarian. The pretty town of Avezzano, formerly far removed from the lake, and since threatened with submersion, will now be rescued from its impending fate; and not only other centres of population will also be saved from slow but certain destruction, but a very valuable extent of arable land will be gained by the suppression of the lake. It seems that a great number of mountain-streams run into this basin, but have no other issue than an aqueduct constructed at great expense by the Emperor Claudius across the ridge of the Salvanio, and the high table-land of Pelenti, but quite insufficient to carry off into the Liris the waters pouring perpetually into the lake. Many ineffectual attempts have been made, at different times, to produce an outlet for the lake; but it was at last found necessary to resort to the plan of effecting a complete drainage.

The engineering marvels of our day find almost their counterparts in the astonishing inventions devised by the Genius of Puffery. It is gravely stated that a company is preparing to sell stamped envelopes, for letters, at half the price including the stamp, of the amount of the stamp itself. This operation, by which the Company flatter themselves they will make enormous profits, is thus explained: The envelopes are to be very large, but of so light a material as to compensate for their additional size without adding to the usual weight. Sufficient space will be left free in the centre of the front of the envelope for the writing of the address: the rest of the surface will be printed over with advertisements. The Company thus disposing of an enormous publicity, will gain, on the price of its advertisements, and the Brobdignagian profits on which it counts, while enabling a delighted public to save one-half its outlay postage!

I cannot vouch for the truth of this report; though it is solemnly propounded as true in the journals. But it is quite sure that the following precious imagining which I have "made a note of" for the benefit of your readers, is really the plot of an opera now being performed with great success in this city.

The first scene shows you a beautiful orchard in Normandy, the apple-ground of this country. The sun is not risen, the dew is on the grass, only the song of the birds is wanting. Presently, a peasant appears, Fabrice by name, as you learn from his self-bemoanings. He has with him a nice new cord, and after singing how he cannot afford to marry, and how life is therefore become "one too many for him," he hangs himself therewith on an apple-tree. While Fabrice has thus disposed of himself and his miseries, let us hope to his own satisfaction, in comes *Lord* Flamborough, a rich English *baronet* (!) who, like all his rich countrymen, is a prey to a deadly settled "spleen;" he sings of his weariness, and laments that he has no heart left, not a vestige of one, whereupon he also draws out a nice new cord from his pocket, makes a running noose, and hangs himself on another apple-tree, just as the sun rises.

No sooner appears the God of Day, than a charming peasant-girl, Stephanette, comes into the orchard, with a gourd on a long pole to gather the apples. Finding these two specimens of a fruit not expected, she whips out her knife, and cuts down the two men, who ought to be dead, but who soon come to life again.

"How now, monster!" says Stephanette to her lover, "what do you mean by cheating me of my promised husband in this dishonest way?"

Fabrice tells her he loves her too desperately to live without her, and being so dreadfully poor, hung himself as his only way of escaping his misery.

Lord Flamborough thereupon declares (he is a *Milor'*) that *his* case is very different; he is tired of rolling in wealth, and finding nothing to love, and to cure his "spleen."

Stephanette tells him he is a goose—that he could find plenty of things and people to love if he would, and that she will cure him. "Go to, Milor'," she says in conclusion, "you might be the providence of the country-side, and be happy in making all about you happy."

Milor', who has taken the opportunity of falling in love with the pretty peasant, feels, to his surprise, that he is cured already, thinks she might figure with honor among the grand old ladies whose portraits adorn his ancestral hall, and promises to live for her sake.

Stephanette proposes to him to use his power to get Fabrice, who plays on the horn, taken back into the factory from which he has been expelled for spending too much time on his horn. Lord Flamborough tears a leaf from his pocket-book, and writes on it, "Twenty-five guineas for the poor of the parish, if the bearer of this be received into the factory." Fabrice takes the paper, and comes back in wild delight, successful, and ready to marry his betrothed. But Milor' does not like the idea, and says, "Me will hang hiself;" and proceeds to knot his handkerchief for the purpose, Fabrice having pocketed his nice new cord. Fabrice says the tree is his, and he will not let him hang himself on it. Milor' offers to buy the tree: the cunning peasant still refusing, and the lord still increasing his offers, until the wily Fabrice at length consents to sell it at a price that makes his fortune.

Fabrice, elated with his new wealth, thinks he may make a better match than Stephanette, and leaves her contemptuously. Milor' now presses his suit, and offers her his *Baronet's* coronet (!). She smiles on him, though "her heart is breaking;" which manœuvre happily produces its intended effect, and brings Fabrice back to her feet.

Milor' is sadly annoyed at the reappearance of his rival, and very loath to abandon the prospect of having something to love. He therefore tells Fabrice that one of them must die; the world cannot hold them both. "We will draw lots," says Milor', in his broken French, "which ever of us draws the longest straw shall hang himself!"

Fabrice, who remembers how long and truly Stephanette has loved him, eagerly accepts this arrangement, making no doubt but Stephanette, who is to hold the straws, will take care to give him the shortest. So he hastily brings some straws to his betrothed, and the two men turn their backs to the pretty peasant while she gets them ready. Milor' is the first to try his fortune, and draws from Stephanette's little brown hand a tiny length of straw, a mere nothing; Fabrice follows, and draws out a yard's length that seems as though it never would finish coming. Milor' dances about the orchard in triumph, exclaiming, as he rushes every now and then at his discomfitted rival, and makes boxing demonstrations in his face, out of pure exultation and good-humor, "Ho, ho! hang himself! hang himself! me be generous! me let you hang hunself on my tree for nothing! ho, ho! me draw little straw, me marry Stephanette directly! You go hang himself! ho! ho! you make haste and hang himself!"

But Fabrice has no idea of profitting by this permission, and Stephanette confesses she only gave him the long straw for a joke. After a few conflicting songs from each party, and a charming *trio*, in which they happily arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, Milor' generously consents to let the lovers make themselves happy, and promises to be the godfather of all the little peasants that shall follow this auspicious union.

The getting up of this *operette* is very fine; the dresses, decorations, acting and music, all of the first water, and the outrageously bad French of the *Milor'*, with the showers of traditional ejaculations that no Englishman is supposed to open his mouth without uttering, conspire to render the absurd little production a great favorite with the Parisians.

QUANTUM.

☞ He who shortens the road to knowledge lengthens life.

FOREIGN NEWS.

NEW CABINET IN ENGLAND, EARL DERBY AT THE HEAD—CAPTURE OF CANTON—ADVANCE IN COTTON.

The Canada brings Liverpool advices to the 27th ult., being one week's later news.

Lord Palmerston has resigned, and the Earl of Derby has constructed a new Cabinet, of which the members are as follows:

Premier—Lord Derby.
Chancellor of the Exchequer—D'Israeli.
Lord Chancellor—Sir F. Thesiger.
President of the Council—Earl of Salisbury.
Lord Privy Seal—Earl Hardwicke.
Home Department—Spencer Walpole.
Foreign Department—Earl of Malmesbury.
Colonial Secretary—Lord Stanley.
Minister of War—Gen. Peel.
First Lord of the Admiralty—Sir J. Packington.
Postmaster General—Lord Colchester.
President of the Board of Trade—Mr. Henley.
President of the Board of Control—Lord Ellenborough.
President of the Board of Public Works—Lord John Manners.
Attorney General—Sir F. Kelly.
Viceroy of Ireland—The Earl of Eglinton.
Irish Chancellor—Justice Blackburn.
Chief Secretary—Lord Naas.

Sir Bulwer Lytton has no office, his re-election to his seat in Parliament being considered doubtful.

The members of the Government not in the Cabinet include the Duke of Montrose as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; Mr. Cairns as Solicitor General; Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Earl Canarvon as Under Secretary of the Colonies; Lord Hardinge as Under Secretary of War, &c. Mr. Loftus C. Ottway is appointed British Minister to Mexico, and A. R. J. S. Lumley, Secretary of Legation at Madrid.

Parliament met on the 27th. In the House of Commons, new writs were ordered for the seats occupied by members of the Cabinet.—Both Houses had adjourned until March 1st, when they would further adjourn till the 12th.

The Governor Generalship of India is said to be reserved for Lord Stanley, in the event of Lord Canning's resignation.

A prosecution has been commenced by the English Government against a bookseller, named Truelove, for publishing a libellous pamphlet concerning Napoleon with the view to excite his assassination.

Samuel Lees & Co., cotton dealers at Manchester, have suspended. Their assets exceed their liabilities.

The New York and Philadelphia line of screw steamers will hereafter leave Liverpool on the days that the Collins line formerly sailed.

It was widely believed that the Derby Cabinet would not stand.

The trial of the Royal British Bank Directors is still pending, but drawing to a close.

Mazzini writes to the London Times denying that Orsini was guilty of any crime in Italy, and concludes with the following paragraph:

"Whatever opinion of Orsini may be entertained by those who frankly appeal to heaven and earth against the attempted murder of a tyrant, and do quietly witness, without a single word of indignation, the lasting murder of a whole people in Rome, none has a right of taxing Orsini with dishonesty, theft or collusion. The agents of Louis Napoleon ought to be contented with beheading his enemies, without calumniating them."

The London Post says that the three vacant Garters in the gift of Lord Palmerston have been conferred on the Dukes of Wellington and Norfolk, and Earl Harrowby. Mr. Hagler, late whipper-in of the Ministry, is to be made a baronet; also Mr. Griffiths, a distinguished Irish Civil Engineer.

An action was brought in the British Admiralty Court, by the owners of the American ship Leander, against the steamer North American, to recover damages for the loss of the Leander by the recent collision off Holyhead.—A verdict was given against the steamer, whose owners gave notice of an appeal to a higher court.

The London Stock Market had assumed more buoyancy. Consols were gradually recovering from the depression caused by the Ministerial crisis, but closes flatly at quotations. Money continues abundant, and the demand light.—The Bank of England has made no alteration in its rates.

D'Israeli has issued his address to the Electors of Bucks, offering himself for the fifth time for re-election. The following passage occurs in his address: "The circumstances of the country are in many respects critical, and in none more so than in its external relations. Painful misconceptions have arisen with the Government of that faithful and powerful ally, who in so many instances has proved his good feeling and fidelity to this country. Believing that a cordial alliance between England and France is equally conducive to the interests of both countries, I shall express my hope and conviction that, by measures at once firm and conciliatory, these causes of misunderstanding may be speedily and entirely removed. If the country will heartily support the Queen's Government at this juncture, the results so desirable for the peace and progress of Europe will be greatly facilitated."

Sir J. Pakington addresses the Electors of Droitwich. No opposition is expected. After announcing that he has joined Lord Derby's Cabinet, he says it is essential to the well-working of our system of Parliamentary Government that the people should not suppose there is only one man who could be entrusted with the public interests.

The China Mail of yesterday has brought correct statistics of the tea trade for the past year. The total exports were 35,500,000 lbs., against 42,400,000 lbs. last year, and 54,800,000 lbs. at the same period of 1856.

It is remarked in the Daily News' city article that, with the present rates of exchange with the chief centres of European commerce, by far the largest proportion of gold imported here will be sent to the Continent as fast as it comes in, but this does not imply that the stock of bullion in the bank has not yet reached its highest point.

Advices from Calcutta are, in all respects, satisfactory. Government securities had risen four to five per cent., and although the five per cents. were still quoted as low as ten per cent. discount, confidence among native holders was evidently reviving.

CAPTURE OF CANTON.—The Cantonese submitted and evacuated the city on the 30th of December.

The Governor of Canton was taken prisoner, as well as Yeh and the Tartar General. The Governor Pihquei, was subsequently installed as Vice Governor of the city, with powers similar to those wielded by Yeh. The allies were to continue their protectorate until satisfactory terms were made with the Government. A commission, composed of two Englishmen and one Frenchman, had been charged with the supervision of the Government, and had issued a proclamation inviting the people to return, and assuring them of protection.

At the departure of the mail, everything was quiet, and there was a fair prospect of the taking off of the blockade and of the resumption of trade within a week.

In the assault upon Canton there were numerous hand-to-hand encounters. The British lost 100, and the French 30, in killed and wounded. A large amount of treasure was captured, but plunder was forbidden.

At Shanghai, a large business had been done in tea, but sales were checked by English advices. Freights were unaltered.

At Foo Choo, the duty question had been settled by the acceptance of Mexican dollars at two per cent. discount.

The ships-of-war Minnesota, Mississippi, Portsmouth, and San Jacinto, were at Hong Kong, on January 14th.

INDIA.—Jung Bahadoor captured Goruchpore, killing two hundred rebels and capturing seven guns.

The town and fort of Maghir had been taken from the rebels.

Sir Colin Campbell was gathering his strength for his entry into Oude, when the final struggle and a determined resistance was anticipated.

The Calcutta money market had improved, and the Bank of Bengal had reduced its rates one per cent.

FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the London Globe, understands that Cowley will be continued as English Ambassador to France.

The health of Marshal Bosquet is said to be in a precarious state, and paralysis was feared.

The new French penal law had passed the Legislative body, by a vote of 224 yeas to 24 nays.

It was stated that the French camp at Chalons, next year, will number 50,000 men, or double the amount of last year.

Letters from Paris represent that a better feeling existed with regard to relations with England, founded upon the appointment of Lord Malmesbury to the Foreign Office, and the personal friendship existing between the Emperor and D'Israeli.

An immense number of arrests, it is said, have recently been made in Paris and the Provinces, among them three members of the Paris bar, belonging to the Republican party.

The Times correspondent writes: "It is said that the last instructions given to M. de Persigny were of a very conciliatory character, and if rumor speaks true, evince the greatest desire to maintain the cordial relations based on the alliance between the two countries." It is said that several persons were arrested in Paris on the night of the 22d ult. The trial of the conspirators commenced on the 25th ult., before the Court of Assizes of the Seine—the indictment is very lengthy and circumstantial.

The prisoners are all young men, with the exception of Pierri, who is middle aged. All seemed composed, and listened with attention. Gomez denied any participation in the act, and said he only knew of it at the last moment. Rudio confessed everything. He said he threw one bomb, and criminated the rest of the prisoners. Orsini accepted the full responsibility of the part he had taken in the affair. He confessed that he wanted to kill the Emperor, and said he was ready to die. He added that he had never confided his intention to Mr. Allsop, (formerly stock broker at London,) and that M. Bernard, (who has also been arrested,) did not know for what purpose they were intended. He would not say anything as to the other prisoners. Pierri denied all participation in the conspiracy until the day the attempt was made, and then repented. Mr. Taylor, of Birmingham, maker of the bombs, did not answer to his name.

LATEST—PARIS, Friday.—The jury has given a verdict of guilty as regards four of the accused. The Court pronounced sentence of death on Orsini, Rudio and Pierri. Gomez is sentenced to penal servitude for life.

BELGIUM.—A discussion has been commenced in the Belgium chambers on the bill relative to attempts against the lives of foreign sovereigns. The Minister of Justice emphatically declared that he had not received from any foreign power any request to change the laws of the land.

LATEST.—The bill was passed on the 25th ult., the Minister of Justice promising that no prosecution should take place without the consent of his department, but admitting that he could not bind his successors.

ITALY.—The Englishman, Hodge, arrested at Genoa, as an accomplice in the late attempt upon the life of Napoleon, has been given up to the French police, by the Sardinian authorities.

Two other Englishmen had also been arrested at Genoa.

HOLLAND.—The second Chamber of the States General has rejected the recently negotiated treaty of commerce with Belgium, by a vote of 62 to 1.

SPAIN.—A despatch from Madrid says that, in the Chamber of Deputies, the outrages committed by English vessels on those of Spain, on the coast of Africa and elsewhere, were claiming attention.

AUSTRIA.—It is said that France has called on the Austrian Government to curb the license of the press of Vienna, and in return France will not oppose Austria when the question of the reorganization of the Principalities and the navigation of the Danube comes before the Paris Conference.

Count Buol is stated to have declined the offer of the French Ambassador.

DENMARK.—The Berlin correspondent of the London Times says it is confidently expected that the United States Government will soon take steps for securing the commutation of Stade toll on shipping going up the Elbe. The same authority says that the United States and Denmark have at length come to an agreement as to the amount payable by the former to the latter on account of light and buoy dues in the Sound. This amount has been fixed at $393,011, and is to be paid into the hands of a Danish agent in London. When that ceremony has been performed, the former treaty of amity and navigation, which has been suspended by the United States, will return into force.

A despatch from Hamburg says that the Danish Cabinet resigned on account of the attitude demanded of them in the dispute with the German Diet.

SWEDEN.—A partial modification of the Swedish Cabinet is anticipated.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, Feb. 26.—The sales for the week have been 51,000 bales, including 10,000 to speculators, and 3000 for export. The market closed firm, having advanced during the week ¼d, and some circulars quote the advance as 3-16d. The advance was owing to light stock and limited arrivals. The estimated sales to-day, Friday, are 7000 bales, including 1000 bales for speculation and export. The following quotations are reported:

Orleans fair 8, middling 7 1-16; Mobile fair 7¼, middling 7 9-16; Upland 7¼, middling 7⅛.

The stock in port is 207,000 bales, including 100,000 American.

The state of trade at Manchester was favorable, with a slight advance on all descriptions of goods.

The letters by the Canada are conflicting in their statements as to the Cotton market. Some report that prices ruled in favor of the seller, and others more specifically state that there had been an advance of ⅛th. The trade had purchased the largest portion, as their supplies were being rapidly exhausted.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, Feb. 26.—The market is generally unchanged, money being very abundant. Bullion in the Bank of England had increased £290,000 during the week. Consols declined considerably on the first announcement of the dissolution of the Ministry, but soon recovered, closing active and firm at 97.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET, Feb. 26.—The market closed quiet. Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. quote flour as dull and unsalable.—The following are the quotations:

Western Canal 20s 6d@22s; Philadelphia and Baltimore 22s 6d@23s; Ohio 24s@25; (the latter was obtained for a lot via New Orleans.)

Wheat is dull, and nominally quoted at 6s@6s 3d for red Western, and 7s@7s 6d for white.

Corn dull at 33s 6d@34s for yellow, and 34s for white.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET, Feb. 26.—Various circulars quote Beef heavy at a decline of 5d, owing to holders pressing upon the market. Pork closed dull. Bacon also dull, with but little inquiry, and has suffered a decline of 6d on the week. Lard dull at 50s for good. Tallow is generally unchanged; the Broker's Circular quotes Missouri at an advance of 6d@1s for refining qualities.

LIVERPOOL PRODUCE MARKET, Feb. 26.—Coffee steady. Rice steady and quiet. Little inquiry for Tea, and prices weak.

Rosin buoyant at 4s 4d@4s 6d for consumption; Spirits Turpentine firm at 37s@42s.

LONDON MARKETS, Feb. 26.—Messrs. Baring & Brothers' Circular quotes Sugar as steady. Breadstuffs quiet and unchanged. Coffee firm. Tea unchanged. Spirits Turpentine firm and considerably advanced from scarcity, being quoted at 44s.

Pot and Pearl Ashes firm. Linseed Oil firm at 28s 6d.

AMERICAN STOCKS.—Baring Brothers' Circular reports American stocks as slow of sale. Pennsylvania 5's have advanced. The London Times reports the following quotations from sales on the 25th:

Illinois Central R R. 5‡ dis; do. 7s. 1860, (free lands.) 83¾; do. 6s, 1875, 86; do. 7s, 87@86½; Michigan Central, 55; N Y Central 7s, 93; Erie R R stock, 27; do. bonds of 1871, 56; Pennsylvania Central 6s, first mort., 89½@89; Consols closed at 96¼@97.

The Brokers' Circular quotes Ashes firm for both Pots and Pearls; the latter is quoted at 21s@33s, and holders were demanding an advance at the close.

Linseed is unchanged.

The face of places and their forms decay,
And that is solid earth which once was sea;
Seas, in their turn, retreating from the shore,
Make solid land what ocean was before;
And far from strands are shells of fishes found,
And rusty anchors fixed on mountain ground;
And what were fields before, now washed and worn
By falling floods, from heights to valleys turn.
—*Virgil.*

☞ Not *coldness*, but *cooling down*, is the true wisdom; and our inward man, like a glowing metal cast in its form, should be allowed to cool only by degrees, that it may form itself into a more smooth and perfect shape. For no other reason has nature cast our souls in hot bodies, even as the forms of metal are heated before the cast is made.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

☞ It is sometimes remarked with an air of splenetic triumph, in reference to men such as Ulriot or Ruskin, that enthusiastic critics frequently make out many more beauties and meanings in a work than the poet or artist ever intended or dreamt of; as if this were not the highest possible commendation of any work—the crowning proof of its genius—that, true to nature, like Nature herself, it is capable of yielding an infinitude of meanings; the occult and relative being involved in the obvious, whether put there consciously or unconsciously on the part of the artist: so that they actually be there, they are enjoyed by all who are gifted to perceive them. A true note struck, its harmonic chords may be heard, but only by the sensitive ear. This Plato may have had in his mind when he wrote, "All poetry is by its nature enigmatical, and not for every one to unriddle."—*Symington.*

☞ In Ireland, a sharp fellow is said to be "as cute as Power's fox," the fox of Ballybotheren, which used to read the newspapers every morning, to find out where the hounds were to meet.

☞ I know that truth lies in facts, and not in my mind which judges of them; and that the less of myself I put in the opinions I form, the surer I am to approach the truth.—*Emile.*

☞ Rousseau wrote a lyric epistle addressed to posterity, and showed it to Voltaire. Voltaire, touching him under the ribs, remarked, "'Twill never be delivered according to its direction."

☞ Correction does much, but encouragement does more—encouragement after censure is as the sun after a shower.

☞ From some statements published by a contemporary on the subject of ordnance, it appears that the cost of a 13-inch shell, as it flies through the air, is two pounds ten shillings. At each explosion there go two guineas, bang! The estimated cost of firing a 36-inch bomb is nearly thirty pounds. These figures afford some idea of the shelling out which is necessitated by warfare. We hear a good deal of the bore of monster mortars; but it is a still more monstrous bore that we should be obliged to blow away in making other people miserable the enormous sums that would suffice to make ourselves jolly.—*Punch.*

☞ Truth is established by delay: falsehood is aided by precipitancy.

☞ "Pompey, de corn's up." "De corn up? why I only planted it yesterday." "I know dat, but de hogs got in last night, and guv it a lift."

☞ When Charles V. read upon the tomb of a Spanish nobleman, "here lies one who never knew fear," he wittily replied, "then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers."

☞ When a care for small things is combined with an intense fear of the opinion of others, a state of mind is generated which will neither allow the possessor of it to be happy in himself, or herself, nor permit those about him or her to enjoy any peace or comfort for long. It is, of course, a pre-eminent hindrance to the blessings of social intercourse.—*Anon.*

☞ AN OLD DEBT.—Good Queen Bess, when she visited Worcester, borrowed £200 of the Corporation, which still stands as a bad debt on the town books.—*English Paper.*

☞ A short time ago, at a school in the north of London, during a lesson on the animal kingdom, the teacher put the following question—"Can any boy name me an animal of the order *edentata*—that is, a front-toothless animal?" A boy (whose face beamed with pleasure at the prospect of a good mark) replied, "I can." "Well, what is the animal?" asked the teacher. "My grandmother!" replied the boy, with great glee.

☞ When a man says he understands Shakspeare, but can make nothing of Wordsworth or Tennyson, he ought rather to have said that there are things in Shakspeare which he can understand; for Shakspeare, in his universality, along with higher and more peculiar qualities, at the same time possesses in perfection all those essential elements of popularity to be found in other authors, bringing for every order of mind just as much as it is fitted to receive, or capable of understanding.—*Symington.*

☞ "It is no doubt a true observation,' says Bishop Patrick, "that the ready way to make the minds of youth grow awry is to lace them too hard, by denying them their just freedom."

☞ Trees which abide age grow slowly. The gourd that came up in a night, withered in a day.—*Burke.*

☞ Girls at school should never be confined to their tasks more than six hours a day, and I am confident they will learn more in that time, if properly managed, than they will in twelve without sufficient exercise. Make it your own case: Can you spend even eight hours a day in study to any profit? I think not. The mind becomes weary, and then nothing is retained. How then can you suppose that the expanding faculties of children can be constantly exercised for that length of time to advantage?—*Hints to Mothers.*

☞ Be not affronted at a jest. If one throw salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm unless thou hast sore places.

THE PET OF THE LAW.

FROM DICKENS'S HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

Ever since I can remember, up to the period when I reached fifty years of age, I was a thief; not an amateur occasional thief, not one of those impulsive fallen respectabilities who do some piece of inartistic crime, and then are sorry for it; but a regular professional trained thief, who was, and is still, proud of his profession. I believe my family, on my mother's side, is related to the great Jerry Abershaw; so I have an additional warrant for my pride; my paternal grandfather was hanged, and died game, at Tyburn: and there is a ballad about him, which I sing when I am in the humor. My father and mother are both in Hobart Town; my father was transported for burglary: and my mother, who had saved a good sum of money, went out there as a settler, and, oddly enough, hired my father as a gardener—or something of that sort—from the authorities. Every three months, I believe, she sends in a certificate of his good behavior to the Governors of the penal settlement, and he is allowed, in consequence, to remain unmolested in his servitude.

I am married, and have four children, three boys and a girl, all thieves, and all, I am happy to say, at this present time doing well. The girl, aged nineteen, has a decided talent for shoplifting, and I have had proposals for her hand from a celebrated housebreaker (I must not mention names,) which I shall certainly accept, as it will be a very good match. I have also apprenticed my youngest boy, aged twelve, to this artist, to learn his branch of the trade, and I hear very satisfactory accounts of the lad's progress. My next boy, aged fifteen, who has taken quite naturally to the pickpocket and church business, has just returned, after a twelvemonths' imprisonment in the Model Prison, as plump as a butcher, and looking as if he had been at the sea side for a long season. My oldest son, aged twenty-two, is out on a ticket-of-leave; and we often talk together about the way in which he interested the chaplain in his welfare. He said he thought he could be of immense service in trying to convert his family from the evil course they had adopted, and the chaplain and the governor of the prison—a governor of the new school—thought he could. To do the young man justice, he mentioned the subject once or twice when he came home; but I think he broke down when he pretended to prove to his sister, in the presence of the chaplain, that needlework was, in the long run, more profitable than shoplifting. What effect his arguments might have had if he could have devoted more time to enforcing them, I cannot tell; but he is out a great deal, especially at night, and is doing very well, to judge by the money that I have seen him with lately. The rumor that he was the man who gave the gentleman that ugly blow the other night in the fog, I treat with the contempt that it merits. A man is innocent until proved guilty before a jury of his countrymen. My wife is not altogether undistinguished in the profession, (you may remember the great plate robbery at Lord Mumblepeg's, in which she was concerned;) but I will not dwell upon that. I did not marry her for her virtues, nor her talents, but to secure her from coming against me as evidence at any time.

Our business—the business of thieving—does not differ from any other business in which the profits are high and the risk proportionately great. We go into it, knowing exactly what forces are arrayed against us. Some men prefer the army; some, gold-mining; some, the excitement of the Stock Exchange; some, the delirium of the turf. I, and a very numerous body of fellow-professionals, prefer thieving. It is not my place—although I have retired with a comfortable competency from the trade—to make any disclosures that would lead to greater stringency in the law, and greater severity towards us on the part of its administrators. I have a family to bring up, and my duty to them imposes upon me a certain reserve; but still the gratitude that I feel to the public, the lawmakers, and the judges, for all their kindness and consideration to our class—their love of what they call fair play, their respect for the time-honored maxim of "honor among thieves," and their hatred of anything un-English—impels me to undeceive them upon some points.

In the first place, we are not a miserable class, hunted from house to house, squandering ill-gotten gains in a reckless, ignorant manner, and seeing the frowning face of offended justice ever at our heels. That face may appear very stern to the amateur vagabond, but it has no terrors for the regular thief. He has learned to measure it at what it is worth; to strip it of its theatrically awful trappings and adjuncts; to lay bare the springs that move the fettered machine, and to hear in the mimic thunders of its voice the mandates of the law in which consideration for the thief predominates. While a certain class of innocent industry is starving in its garrets, we are luxuriating in rude and cheerful plenty in our cellars and taverns. "All honor," says the virtuous orator, "to the noble, struggling workman, who endures bitter poverty rather than rush into crime." And so say I, but from a different motive. I know that the fewer persons there are in a trade, the greater will be the profits.

Many persons suppose that we detest the police, and look upon them as our bitterest enemies. On some occasions, I admit, we find them troublesome; but, generally, we consider them as wholesome checks upon the increase of unskillful thieves, who diminish the profits, without adding to the credit, of the profession. The ordinary police force is not a very highly paid, highly educated, or highly intelligent class; and any man who knows his business, can easily avoid coming in contact with them. As to the detectives, those awful men in plain clothes, and curious disguises, (which latter they might save themselves the trouble of putting on, as we know the wearers as well as our own fathers,) they benefit us by inspiring an unbounded faith in their efficiency in the public mind, and stopping the appointment of real preventive officers. The sum they require as a reward, if successful in tracing a crime, is another element of our security; as is also their plan of fostering the development of small thieves, until they become important criminals. They carefully tend the criminal fruit until it is rotten with ripeness, and then—if it does not escape them—they shake it gently into the lap of justice; but they never nip it in the bud. Why should we be on unfriendly terms with such weak and agreeable guardians?

When I come to consider the rules of evidence, the comforts of prisons, and the general leniency of the criminal law and its administration, (and I have devoted a good deal of attention to these subjects during my retirement,) I cannot believe that any one is in earnest for the suppression of our class, but that we are considered worthy of preservation as providers of wholesome excitement, employers of capital in a peculiar direction, agents for the distribution of wealth, bodies to be experimented upon by the social philanthropist, problems to exercise the ingenuity of, and provide amusement for the legal mind, and members in that company which is conveniently styled "necessary evils." When I was engaged in the active duties of my profession, I was tried, for the first and only time in my life, in conjunction with the whole of my family—my wife and four children—for robbery of some magnitude. We were guilty, of course, but we had managed matters very artistically. My boys were not so old, or so experienced as they are now, and when the magistrate cautioned us, at the preliminary examination, that we were not bound to say anything to criminate ourselves, the two youngest could scarcely believe what they heard, and thought, in their simplicity that we had all made an impression upon his worship. I remember having the same feeling myself when I heard the remark addressed to my father, on the occasion of his trial, many years before. The youngest lad was so overcome by this, to him, unexpected exhibition of legal tenderness, that if it had not been for an additional caution from the worthy magistrate, and a sharp nudge from his mother, he would have there and then made a clean breast of the whole affair. That boy, like myself, and, I may say, all the family, is now a firm believer in the fact, that the law does not want to discover the truth, but only desires to give an opportunity for a display of legal learning and ingenuity.

When we came up for our trial at the Central Criminal Court, we were again put upon our guard, and very amusing the trial must have appeared to the spectators, for it amused even me. There we stood in the dock, a very happy family—a father, mother, daughter, and three sons—all implicated in one crime, and all warned to hold our tongues, lest we should spoil the sport of the trial. The counsel for the prosecution opened the case with a highly ingenious speech, full of eloquent denunciation, but very empty of facts; and when he had finished, he proceeded to call witnesses in support of his charge. Several persons were examined without adding much to the previous knowledge of the case, for we had taken most elaborate precautions to shield ourselves from being proved guilty, although we could not avoid suspicion.

Once or twice, when some of the most absurd suppositions were put forward in place of better evidence, I thought we should all have burst out laughing in concert, they were so very wide of the mark. One witness at last succeeded in proving to the apparent satisfaction of the court, that on a certain night I was at a place which I never saw in my life; but as this supposed fact had nothing to do with the case, it was not of much benefit to the prosecution. Maddened by his ill-success, the prosecuting counsel wished, in defiance of law, to put a question to my daughter, but our solicitor at once objected to this, and the judge spoke up against it like a man, amidst a murmur of approbation that ran through the whole court. If they had put the question, I am afraid we should not have got off as we did, for my daughter is rather nervous, and could not have stood a cross-examination. But we were spared the trial, and the liberty of the subject was preserved.

The case lasted a long time, and during its progress some very pretty circumstantial evidence was adduced, which all fell to the ground bit by bit, under the vigorous blows of our solicitor. When the speech for the defence came, it was necessarily short, for there was really nothing of any moment to answer.

The summing-up of the judge was pleasant and dignified, with, of course, a little dash of the severity required by the duties of his position. But I cannot think that he was dissatisfied with his day's work; and the jury, who had been highly amused by the legal fencing displayed, and who—bless their hearts!—could not have put a question about the case to our happy family for the world, were glad to hurry over an acquittal, and get to their dinners.

I know that the public press are always writing against the dangerous classes of which I am a member; but seeing that we and our doings provide them with the most exciting staple of their news, I cannot think that they are sincere in the desire they express to put us down.

I cannot believe that a Bankruptcy Commissioner dislikes bankrupts; that an Insolvency Commissioner dislikes insolvents; that a public hangman dislikes murderers; or that a Chancery Judge dislikes wretched suitors;—and seeing the leniency of the laws, the mode of criminal procedure, and the vast amount of employment that we thieves give to capital, I cannot believe that judges, juries, public officers, police, jailors, governors of prisons, jail chaplains, and legal practitioners, are at all earnest and interested in our extermination.—So a long life and a merry one to all those honest gentlemen, and similarly to us!

FOR THE SUPERSTITIOUS.—The Horticulturist says that the melancholy scratch of the "Death Watch" (*Anobium*) loses all its terrors, when it is known that this ominous sound is not a voice, but the mere result of mechanical friction. You have only to send him a counter-scratch from your side of the wainscot, when, mistaking you for a brother *anobium*, he returns the signal. Entomologists declare that they have been able to train *anobia* to do this trick at pleasure, by first accomplishing themselves in the accurate mimicry of the sound.

☞ To celebrate the late Royal Marriage, it took no less than one Archbishop, three Bishops, one Dean and one Rev. Doctor. We may confidently hope for the permanence of the knot that must have been drawn so tight by such a number of clergymen pulling all together.

JACK FROST.

A SONG FOR THE SEASON

Jack Frost he lived in a fine new house,
White, and light, and tall;
And what was the name of Jack's new house?
Oh, he called it Icicle Hall.

Did Jack live all alone in his house?
Oh, no! for you must know
He had his neat little wife with him there,
And her name was Jenny Snow.

You may think they lived upon coolish terms
In their Icicle Hall;
But Frost and Snow were sure to agree,
They never fell out at all.

They gave their parties and saw their friends,
With frequent feast and treat;
There was young Mr. Rain and smart Miss Hail,
And rattling old Mrs. Sleet.

Sometimes when dull Mr. Fog dropped in,
They were not so gay as before;
He would hang about the live-long day,
And was voted a dismal bore.

One day, Jack Frost and his wife resolved
To be grand in Icicle Hall;
For it would have been strange if Jenny Snow
Could not get up a *ball*.

The party was large, and gay, and fine,
And chandeliers of light
With frosted crystals sparkled and shone
In rainbow colors bright.

Festoons of white, and wreaths of snow,
Hung round each glittering wall;
And ice mowed over formed the floor
Of the rooms in Icicle Hall.

But while they walked and danced about,
The walls began to stream;
The floor was flooded, the roof fell in,
Dissolving like a dream.

Who had performed this marvellous feat?
It was one whom no one saw;
Aided above by the envious Sun,
It was mischievous old Mother *Thaw!*

WANTED, A SENSATION!

From the top of the brown Jura we descended by a sinuous road into an astonishing valley, where Lake Leman shone splendidly in a setting of mountains, while to the south, under the bridges of Geneva, flowed away the humid glitter of the Rhone, and behind towered, in blinding whiteness, the sublime brotherhood of Swiss mountains. Furiously down the zig-zag descent rattled the diligence, grating dangerously around sharp corners, and exposing, in rapid succession, now one side and now the other to the vast under landscape. As it tacked and veered, our three wondering faces clustered alternately on the right hand or left hand window, peeping out like inquisitive young opossums from the omnibus of their mother's corporality.

"You don't mean to say that those are the real Alps?" said the younger Scotchman, pointing with the stem of his clay pipe at Mont Blanc and Company.

"To be sure they are," responded his brother, who had seen them before.

"Dear me! God bless me! how remarkably small they are! Why, I expected to see them stick up right over my head. Where's the tobacco, Jim? I'll take another smoke."

"For shame, you barbarian! Talk about smoking when there is such scenery to be looked at!"

"Have patience, Jim. I shall grow up to the sentiment by-and-by, I suppose, but they look confoundedly small at present." And here the disappointed sight-seer curled himself back in the middle of the coupe to puff at the consolatory Virginia. How many a man has experienced this same dwarfing of emotion when he has at last come in sight of the Alps, Niagara, Rome, Raphael, or any other bourne of gigantic expectation.—*De Forest's "European Acquaintance."*

ANCIENT LEVIATHANS.—The ancients seem to have outdone all succeeding attempts—the Leviathan of 1858, alone excepted. Some of the galleys, from descriptions left us, were superb. Ptolemy Philopator had one built which was four hundred and twenty feet long and thirty-eight broad, and required a complement of four thousand rowers, four thousand sailors, and three hundred soldiers; but that of Hiero, constructed by the renowned Archimedes, consumed wood enough to build sixty large galleys, and it was fitted up in a style that throws the most splendid of our vessels into a wide distance. There was not only banqueting-rooms, galleries, baths, library, and a spacious gymnasium, furnished and finished with the most admirable skill and costly materials, with stables, fish ponds, mills and gardens, but there was a temple of Venus, fitted up in gorgeous style, the floor being inlaid with precious stones, the walls of cypress wood, ornamented with choice paintings and statues. The warlike appurtenances of this marine monster were on a corresponding scale of formidable grandeur. The vessel was surrounded by iron bulwarks, like a rampart, massy, and strengthened with eight towers, and there were machines sufficiently powerful to project a stone, three hundred pounds weight, or a dart seventeen and a half feet long, a distance of half a mile. So wonderful did her magnificence appear to an old writer, that he devoted two volumes to the subject. Considering the great difficulties which have attended the launching of the Leviathan, with all our improvements in scientific and mechanical contrivances, it may be equally matter of surprise how this mass could have been propelled into her proper element.

SWINISH REFINEMENT.—"An old Norfolk Farmer," in the Farmers' Magazine, in Notes of a visit to the Smithfield Club Fat Cattle Show, says:—

"I noticed one *improvement* which appeared to me somewhat too refined. Several of the pens were furnished with *pillows* for the pigs to lay their snouts on when they are sleeping. What would the Highland chief of the last century (mentioned by Sir Walter Scott) who kicked a snow-ball from under his son's head, calling him 'an effeminate young rascal, not to be able to sleep without a pillow'—What, I repeat, would the old chieftain say to pigs being furnished with such luxuries!"

THE WANDERING JEW.

We have often smiled at the strange legend of the "Wandering Jew," accursed for having shown himself without pity for the Son of Man when He was on the point of death; who was condemned to a never-ending march over the surface of the globe, with his white beard, his piteous air, and his last remaining coins always renewed in his purse. All this is certainly very absurd. But when, in this singular legend, you recognize the impression that the middle age had formed of the Jewish people, always in motion, always chased from country to country, everywhere prostrated under the malediction which it anciently invoked upon itself, and yet at the same time indestructible, resisting all evils, gaining money even in places where no one else would have known how to find a penny, always miserable, and yet always knowing how to extricate itself from its troubles—do we not recognize in this legend matter for reflection, and see how wisdom is often found in the mouths of children?

That the above view is the real sense of the legend of the Wandering Jew is shown by the very different form under which it appears in the East. There the Jew is not a "Wanderer," he is "undying," and hence, doubtless, his German appellation, *der ewige Jude*. He struck Jesus when He was going forth from Pilate's palace, and said to Him, "Go on, Jesus, go on more quickly, what delays You?" Whereupon the Saviour replied, "I go, but you shall wait until My return." In consequence he could not die, and every time that he was on the point of falling beneath the weight of old age, new vigor seemed to reanimate his limbs, and restore him to the age of thirty, which was his age at the time of the Crucifixion. He remained in Armenia, where he lived an ascetic life, in the hope of obtaining his pardon. We see here clearly that in the East, where the people of Israel have long been dispersed and tolerated, the imagination has not been struck as in the West by its state of continual emigration. It is only its permanence, its unchangeable identity, amid all religious and political revolutions, that the Eastern legend expresses. That the Jewish *people* cannot die, is a truth which all nations have discerned. But if it survives abased in its remorse in the East, it is constantly *wandering* in the West. It is evident that in both forms it is the historic destiny of this people that has served as the basis of the legend. For this reason we cannot accept the more modern interpretations which those have given who have wished to regard the legend as the personification of anti-Christian doubt, always unquiet, and never arriving at repose.—*Le Lien.*

TWO KINDS OF PIETY.

The following lines, says the *New York Evening Post*, may be objected to by some for a seeming irreverence of language, but the discerning reader will see that they are far from irreverent in purpose and in spirit. In this respect they remind us of the eccentric methods by which Rev. Rowland Hill and other excellent divines have sometimes inculcated the most sacred lessons of Scripture. The incident on which they are founded is thus related:—

"A few years since a powerful revival of religion was witnessed at Oldtown, Maine.—Among the converts was an Indian of the Penobscot tribe. Soon after his conversion, Peol attended a prayer meeting, and was called upon to "tell his experience." Not exactly understanding the construction of the King's English, Peol expressed himself as follows:—'Oh, glory, me feel pious like hell!'"

The hand of religion is potent to save,
Its value no mortal can prize,
It leads us in safety clear down to the grave,
Then gives us a pass to the skies.
But since the grand choice in the garden was given,
Since Adam from paradise fell,
Full many are found to be pious like Heaven,
While many are pious "like Hell."

I once was an orphan-boy, mortgaged and leased,
And served without hope of a fee,
For one who was lending the Lord what she fleeced
From the girl in the kitchen and me.
'Twas a day or two since that I gazed on the face
Of her, the once Mademoiselle,
And thought, though she bragged of "abounding in grace,"
That she, too, was "pious like Hell."

But tares in the wheat, and the counterfeit coin,
Should rob us of none of our rest;
Let this be our motto while journeying on—
"God orders all things for the best."
And mind you, no knowledge to mortal is given
By which that frail mortal can tell,
Except by the fruits, who is pious like Heaven,
Or, as Peol was, pious "like Hell."

—*David Barker.*

CALIFORNIA WILD OATS.—Here is a story about "wild oats," which we find in the February number of *Hutchings' California Magazine*—every word of which you may believe, if you like. We always had to sow our own "wild oats" here, but it seems that they walk out and sow themselves, in California:

"While walking across the beautiful farms on Dry Creek, Sacramento County, on Christmas day, I observed that the young wild oats were springing up in small and irregular rows, when I inquired of my companion: 'What is the cause of all these crooked and green rows, running in every direction?' 'Don't you know?' said he. 'No.' 'In the dry season,' he replied, 'the ground cracks; and after the first rain, and before the ground swells and closes again, the wild oats, by the help of the wind and their own legs—' 'Their own *legs?*' I remarked, interrogatively. 'Yes, their own legs; for, by some provision of nature, they have a kind of leg, by which, when the rain swells them, they manage actually to crawl into those cracks, and are there saved; otherwise, the fire that sweeps across the prairie would destroy them.'"

☞ Imagination is an informing, shaping and executive faculty, working, when paramount in a great and balanced nature, through the understanding, and bringing it up to its potential capacity—making common sense profound—making Burke a greater statesman than Fox—Bacon greater than any English philosopher—and not necessarily showing itself (as in the case of Sir Isaac Newton), in a single original, imaginative expression in language.—*Boston Transcript.*

SLEEP.

When friends were cruel, and threatened to forsake,
She came by night, with little griefs oppress'd,
And sleep received her, as the mountain lake
Takes home the brook and hushes it to rest;
Now, where her childish step was wont to pass,
By winding hill-path or in shady lanes,
Sweet violets pine unpluck'd, and on the grass
The daisies miss her hand, and grow entwin'd in chains.

She will not wake; the memory-hallow'd stream
May pour near her green bed its noisy flood;
For once there enter'd the small head a dream,
Conceal'd from us, like fair hues in the bud:
In sleep she went to heaven, and linger'd there,
Rapt with the music of the heavenly lay,
'Till angels gave her a bright crown to wear,
And chain'd her so with love, she cannot come away.

PHILOSOPHY OF SKATING.

This is the amusement and exercise which most interests us, just now, and it is charming to find it well discoursed upon. The Boston Courier thus daintily talks to the girls about it:—

"The fastidious amateur seeks for virgin fields of ice on which he may cut the first delicate lines, but the masses love better to congregate together on some spacious pond, for mutual enjoyment. * * * * *

For universal cheerfulness, good-nature, and measureless delight, give us a grand, huge skating party. It is wonderful how a big piece of ice can warm one's heart towards one's fellows. This sudden popular passion for skating is a good thing. Our young ladies, and our young men, too, will be none the worse for the unwonted exercise of the winter, although the indulgence is a little more violent than will be likely to be sustained in future years. But the accomplishment of skating, once acquired, is rarely given up. It is a most fascinating sport, and those who taste its joys this season, will doubtless follow it up the next. There is great advantage for its practice by our citizens, such is the abundance of easily accessible ponds in the neighborhood. It would be interesting to give a history of the art of skating, if, like most athletic sports, it could be traced back to remote ages. But it seems to be an invention of comparatively modern times, and whatever poetry attaches to it must be that of its own creating. Yet poets have sung its praises, especially German poets—Goethe, Herder, Klopstock, and others. Klopstock is extravagant in his expressions of admiration. By this art, he says, somewhere, 'Man, like the Homeric gods, strides, with winged feet, over the sea transmuted into solid ground.' Probably Klopstock was himself an expert. His allusion to the Homeric gods, however, is simply metaphorical, those worthies not being at all equal to the accomplishment—according to history.

"Some writers have endeavored to establish a connection between certain Roman sports and skating, but unavailingly. The earliest recorded mention of skates is in the Scandinavian 'Edda,' written eight hundred years ago, in which the god Uller is spoken of as distinguished by his beauty, his arrows, and his *skates*. It is a question whether the skates therein spoken of were anything like those of the present day. Indeed, it is more than probable that the Scandinavian skates were merely snow-shoes, such as a hero of the same age (Kolsen) is said to have possessed. Such skating as is now in vogue undoubtedly originated in Holland, about the thirteenth century, and was introduced for the purpose of facilitating long journeys on the frozen canals of that country. The Hollanders are to this day considered the best skaters in the world, although, as it is with them less a matter of recreation than of business, they do not exhibit as much grace in the art as other European nations. The Hollanders have been known to make effective use of their skating knowledge in times of war. In 1668, the French invading army under Luxembourg, was terribly harrassed by the attacks of nimble skaters. Skating is very popular in all parts of Germany and in Russia, where women practise it as freely as men. In France and in England it is not looked upon with much favor by the fair ones. It is not known when it was first introduced into England, but it was common in London in the thirteenth century, when bones of animals tied under the feet were made use of. More attention is given to skating in England and Scotland than in any other parts of the world. In 1760, a 'skating club' was established in Edinburgh, and soon after a similar one in London. London has been particularly distinguished for its fine skaters. One of the most celebrated was Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy, (an American by birth,) who was able to cut with his skates upon the surface of the ice a copy of any of the ancient statues."

JACK'S ALIVE!—A small piece of stick is lighted at one end, and the blaze is blown out, leaving the sparks. It is then passed from one of the company to the next on his right hand, and so on round the circle, each one saying, as he hands it to his neighbor, "Jack's Alive!" The player who holds the stick, when the last spark dies out, must consent to have a delicate moustache painted on his face with the charred end of the stick, which is then relighted, and the game goes on. Should the wearer of the moustache have Jack die a second time on his hands, an imperial, whiskers, or exaggerated eyebrows may be added to his charms. While Jack is in a lively condition, with his sparks in fine brilliant order, he is passed carelessly from one player to another; but when he shows symptoms of dying, it is amusing to see how rapidly he changes hands, for each player is bound to receive him as soon as his neighbor pronounces "Jack's Alive." In case the moustache decorations are objected to, a forfeit may be paid instead, by those who hold "Jack dead!"

☞ A mother was hugging and kissing a "four-year-old," when she exclaimed—

"Charley, what does make you so sweet?"

Charley thought a moment, and having been told that he was made out of the ground, replied—

"I think, mother, God must have put a little *thuger* in the dust, don't you?"

THE WORKING CLASSES OF MANCHESTER.—To tell you the truth, I like the working-classes of Manchester, as far as they came under my notice. They are not courteous, but they are obliging. They will not touch their hats, or "sir" you; but, if you want a direction, they will instruct you definitely. They appear to me very honest. I know the cab fares, and no cabman tried to overcharge me. Perhaps we are too apt to lay too much stress on mere civility. It certainly greases the wheels of life, and prevents their creaking: but they can go without it. And there appears to me a deep, quiet well of humor in the Lancastrian or Mancunian nature which is infinitely amusing. One day, as I heard on good authority, a worthy incumbent in the country was roused from his sleep at five in the morning by loud talking at the side of a fish-pond in his grounds. His reverence put his night-capped head out of his window, and saw three men standing by the side of his pond. "What are you doing there?" said he. "Fishing," said they. "But you are trespassing on my land; you must go away." "Go to bed again," was the rejoinder; '*your* Master was not in the habit of sending away poor fishermen." The good clergyman could, of course, only laugh and turn in again.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

INGENUITY OF A SPIDER.—A friend, writing from Havre-de-Grace, gives the following occurrence in relation to a spider, showing an astonishing degree of instinct, if not reason. He says:—"Some days since, a gentleman was walking on one of the wharves in this place, when he saw a large spider sailing on a chip not far from the wharf. The tide was setting out of the harbor, the wind blowing on shore. It was easy to go out to sea; but to regain the shore, this was the difficulty. The spider having gone to one side of the chip and then to another, and after completely viewing his situation, found any further retreat cut off, and placed himself in the centre of the chip. In a short time the tide had carried the chip, with its passenger, near the other side of the wharf, who perceiving that the chip would soon drift beyond it, immediately commenced spinning a web. The threads of his web (the wind favoring) were successfully blown against the wharf, and firmly adhered to it. As soon as this was accomplished, the spider warped his boat alongside, and thus escaped destruction."

SUCKING UP WATER FROM SAND.—Livingstone, the African traveller, describes an ingenious method by which the Africans obtain water in the desert:

"The women tie a bunch of grass to one end of a reed about two feet long, and insert it in a hole dug as deep as the arm will reach, then ram down the wet sand firmly around it. Applying the mouth to the free end of the reed, they form a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects, and in a short time rises to the mouth. It will be perceived that this simple, but truly philosophical and effectual method, might have been applied in many cases, in different countries, where water was greatly needed, to the saving of life. It seems wonderful that it should have been now first made known to the world, and that it should have been habitually practised in Africa, probably for centuries. It seems worthy of being particularly noticed, that it may no longer be neglected from ignorance. It may be highly important to travellers on our Western deserts and prairies, in some parts of which water is known to exist below the surface.

"THAT'S WELL DONE."—Not long since a class of little boys in a Sunday School were engaged in reciting the wonderful history of the Creation, which formed their lesson. The class had progressed to that part of the narrative in which the creation of light, and the expression of the Creator on beholding the work of His almighty power, are related. The teacher at this point asked, "And what did God say when He had created light?" A little boy, seven years of age, whose turn it was to answer the question, was at a loss for a reply. He looked thoughtfully for a moment, and then, with eyes glistening with delight that he had recalled the fugitive idea, he answered—"God said, *that's well done*." The boy had the idea, and his rendering of it is original and forcible.

DR. JOHNSON.—At Dumbarton Castle, Johnson for once in his life got himself into "a fix." The doctor is reported to have entered a sentry-box which stood in one of the batteries, and was rather chagrined on finding that his egress was a matter of some difficulty. Seeing the dilemma the doctor placed himself in, Mr. Campbell was about to offer his assistance; but Boswell stepped forward, touched him (Mr. Campbell) on the arm, and advised him to take no notice of the circumstance, and by no means to think of offering his aid, as such a proceeding would tend to provoke the doctor, who was already somewhat ruffled. Acting upon this suggestion, Mr. Campbell left Johnson to get out of his difficulty by his own efforts.—*Irving's History of Dumbartonshire.*

ANECDOTE OF MARSHAL BLUCHER.—Blucher generally turned into bed all standing, jack-boots included; and if his valet forgot to take off his spurs, and they became entangled with the sheets, woe betide the valet! The torrent of abuse that he poured forth, was something terrific. I heard ——— say, that Blucher, having seen everything in London, remarked, with great earnestness: "Give me Ludgate Hill!" and on being asked to explain why, replied, with reference to the number of jewelers' and silversmiths' shops which, in that day, decorated the locality,

"Mein Gott! What pillage!"—*Wanderings in India.*

LALLA ROOKH.—The following lines were circulated at the clubs on the publication of Moore's great poem:—

Lalla Rookh
Is a book
By Thomas Moore,
Who has written four,
Each warmer
Than the former;
So the most recent
Is the least decent.

—*Lord John Russell's Life of Moore.*

☞ It is wonderful with how little real superiority of mind a man can make an eminent figure in life.—*Dr. Johnson, cited by Boswell.*

THE OLD PSALM TUNE.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE

You asked, dear friend, the other day,
Why still my charmed ear
Rejoiceth in uncultured tone
That old psalm tune to hear?

I've heard full oft in foreign lands
The grand orchestral strain,
Where music's ancient masters live,
Revealed on earth again:

Where breathing, solemn instruments,
In swaying clouds of sound,
Bore up the yearning, tranced soul,
Like silver wings around;—

I've heard in old St. Peter's dome,
When clouds of incense rise,
Most ravishing the choral swell
Mount upwards to the skies.

And well I feel the magic power,
When skilled and cultured art
Its cunning webs of sweetness weaves
Around the captured heart.

But yet, dear friend, tho' rudely sung,
That old psalm tune hath still
A pulse of power beyond them all
My inmost soul to thrill.

Those halting tones that sound to you,
Are not the tones I hear;
But voices of the loved and lost
Then meet my longing ear.

I hear my angel mother's voice—
Those were the words she sung;
I hear my brother's ringing tones,
As once on earth they rung;

And friends that walk in white above
Come round me like a cloud,
And far above those earthly notes
Their singing sounds aloud.

There may be discord, as you say;
Those voices poorly ring;
But there's no discord in the strain
Those upper spirits sing.

For they who sing are of the blest,
The calm and glorified,
Whose hours are one eternal rest
On heaven's sweet floating tide.

Their life is music, and accord;
Their souls and hearts keep time
In one sweet concert with the Lord—
One concert vast, sublime.

And thro' the hymns they sang on earth
Sometimes a sweetness falls
On those they loved and left below,
And softly homeward calls.

Bells from our own dear fatherland
Borne trembling o'er the sea—
The narrow sea that they have crossed,
The shores where we shall be.

Oh, sing, sing on! beloved souls;
Sing cares and griefs to rest;
Sing, till entranced we arise
To join you 'mid the blest.

—*Independent.*

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

It was amidst the chill, gray twilight of a November morning that I entered London for the first time since my departure from it in boyhood. I was now eighteen. A cold, sluggish mist filled the streets, rendering even the largest objects only dimly visible at a few paces distant. There were in those days no railways; our conveyance was the old four horse mail, with its customary burly driver. As we slowly made our way through the numberless, pauseless host of living things, there was something almost appalling in the din, at once so vast and so indistinct, which assailed the ear, whilst the area of vision was so circumscribed. Immediately before us, and so near that the leaders of our team were snatching mouthfuls of hay from its travelling stock, heaved and of course rumbled along, one of the broad wheeled wagons, the common conveyance in those days for heavy goods, with its ten inch tiers and twelve huge horses, and loading of little less than as many tons; and yet through the din and clamor of the multitude of vehicles and beasts and men, which completely filled the great thoroughfare from the West country, by which I was entering London, no more noise seemed to proceed from its ponderous weight as it rolled over the rough granite blocks of the carriageway, than from the ghostlike outline of the old stone church that stood on the street side, its steeple lost in the fog. Thousands and tens of thousands of forms in rapid and energetic motion, each individual and distinct; but of sounds individual and distinct none—only the one overwhelming mighty roar. Great droves of sheep and horned cattle all mud-bespattered were pouring along toward Smithfield. Now a regiment of infantry in full marching order and narrow file came slowly, making its tortuous way through the throng. By and by, turning everything but the heavy vehicles out of its course, glided by a gorgeous squadron of the Guards. But not the faintest sound of the horses' ironshod hoofs; drummer, and trumpeter and trombonier, and the swart giant African with the cymbals, rode hopeless, their instruments at rest. Here light carriages, with postillions in scarlet cloth and gold lace; there heavy coaches carved and gilt, and emblazoned with the arms of some of William the Conqueror's earls, bearing home the wealthy and beautiful from feast and dance, were to be seen jostled by costermongers' carts, dragged and barely dragged along by barebone donkeys and skeleton horses. Here the little "'prentice boy," fresh from the country, was hurrying along to his place of business by the side of the millionaire of fifty years' citizenship; there strode betwixt the fishwoman and watercress girl the plumed and belted officer of one of the military detachments on duty at the parks or palaces; countrymen in their white frocks went slouching along toward the vegetable and grain markets amidst citizens bustling along in their broadcloth; Jew old clothesmen, with their bags on their shoulders, and laborers and artizans and clerks hastening to their several occupations. Now and then a female form, lately or perhaps even yet beautiful, slunk away round a corner into back streets, after a night of maddest carouse, madly undertaken to get rid of the maddening woe within; or again at intervals some other female form, veiled and mantled, moved meekly and steadily along at this early hour on some mission of duty, or homeward from some nightlong vigil of love. The throng such as to give the impression that no man could number it; the multitude of the thoroughfares, and the masses of edifices at once bewildering from their number, and astonishing from their magnificence; the marts, full of the costliest merchandize within, the streets ankle deep in mud without; spectacle myriadfold for the eye; but for the ear only one dull, indiscriminate Titanic roar. Such was London on the first morning I recollect it.

My own circumstances and conditions were as follows:—I had reached the age of eighteen years some few months previously. At that period my mother was alive. She was now dead. From infancy I had been a complete recluse from the active world. My father was a man of a highly peremptory cast of character; he was scrupulously conscientious; and religious to the full extent of his conceptions. It was his conviction that in educating—or endeavoring to educate—his children, religiously, he must prevent them from associating with the children of families whose standard of religious responsibility was below his own. The children of one solitary family were my only companions.

The eldest of this little group, my only juvenile associates, was a girl just a year younger than myself. I stood beside her long years afterward when the throes of death were doing their utmost to mar the grace of mortal form and feature; and she was beautiful then. I cannot suppose I erred very much in thinking her such in the roseate morn of girlhood, or wonder that I coveted to possess something so rich and rare.

My education, meantime, so far as education consists in the exercise and development of the strictly intellectual powers upon literary subjects, had been everything that it was possible to render it. I had access to two libraries of several thousand volumes each, and there was scarcely a volume with the substance of which I remained unacquainted. All the great books of Greece and Rome were there; all that is registered as classic since the departure of the dark ages and revival of letters in Europe. There were the pages of theology and of mathematics; of poetry and of criticism; of Christian and of heathen philosophies; of law and of all branches of natural science; of history and of metaphysics, all proffering their treasures to me from the first day on which I could read. And since the thought first occurred to me in after years, I have met with no greater enigma than that of how I contrived to read such immense quantities, and forget so little that I read.

Meantime there was this practical result:—I had no fixed sentiments on moral subjects; I was quite careless and skeptical as to religion; whatsoever there is base and corrupting in the world, I had comprehended from mythologies and the gorgeous lines of the ancient poets, with a force of realization as immeasurably beyond what would have accrued from associating with any quantity and class of boys of my own age, as the mighty plunge of Niagara surpasses the petty shute of some nameless country rill.

In one single point only had I the advantage of ordinary athletic exercise; there was always a horse at my command. Of course I made the best of that, and with saddle or without, with bridle or halter, or nothing, rode like a Calmuc Tartar.

My mother had always been to me something more than human. I remember now that at that time I never thought of an angel, but the angel had her mien, her lineaments, her tone. We were sitting one day in the library, she sewing, I occasionally reading to her; by and by, during a pause, as I was pondering some passage I had just read, she rose, quietly put down her work, and went away. At dinnertime I heard she was indisposed. Next morning about day-break my father came to my apartment and awoke me. He tried to speak, but uttered nothing; but his look was enough.

"E'en such a man, so pale, so wobegone,
Drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burned,
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue."

The loss of my mother caused me the loss of my other chief companion. Elizabeth ceased to visit us, as she had been accustomed to do, daily. Seventeen years of age and finally exonerated from schools, she would form, I felt sure, some circle of intimates; and it appeared that etiquette would now cancel our name from the list, since we no longer had an adult female in the family. At length on the strength of a short, hasty note from her, the purport of which it proved, many years afterwards, that I had misunderstood, I concluded that she had withdrawn her regards from me to place them elsewhere. "Farewell home; farewell all," was my next word. Before midnight I was on the mail, for the metropolis.

A slight illness which had happened when I was about seventeen, had secured me much more liberty than I had ever previously been allowed. The physician desired me to take a great deal of exercise on horseback. I could ride across to the neighboring towns, and spend the day entirely free from surveillance. My usual direction on these occasions was to the seat of the adjacent university. There I soon formed an acquaintance as extensive as that which I had hitherto been accustomed to was limited.

If I were to say that at this period hard-drinking was part and parcel of an education at an English University, I should scarcely speak incorrectly. Dissipation frowned on at court, had consoled itself in finding a more cozy home amidst the Academic shades. George the Third, so unscrupulous and relentless in his principles as a monarch, was a pattern husband and father; chaste and tender in his affections, benevolent in his rule, and carefully mindful of all the forms of a pious example. It was one of those anomalies which human character so often presents, that whilst he was sanctioning the most haughty and arbitrary measures toward various sections of his people, he might be seen trudging, without a single attendant, through the streets of Windsor with his Queen on his arm, shopping and chatting with the tradesmen as familiarly and pleasantly as a brother. There was even wont to be such a legend prevalent—"Ditis magni sub mœnia"—as that the royal housewife and her lord at times imposed on themselves after the dignities of state were done with for the day, the epicurean servility of frying their own sprats!

These better attributes of the characters of his parents would be looked for in vain in that of their eldest son.

Few of the present generation are aware of the immense injury done to the morals of the British people by George the Fourth. From his earliest days there was no extreme of vicious pleasures incident to youth into which he did not plunge. I had relations resident at Windsor, whom I had visited; and I thus had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with some of the most notorious of the personal habits of that monarch. I will not allude to more than one of them—his reckless intemperance. Rumor said that it was no rare occurrence for the "heir apparent" to take up his lodging, after "a spree," on a truss of straw in the stables. Now almost within voice-sound from the royal flagstaff lies Eton College, one of Britain's ancient seats of learning; the primary school of thousands of the sons of the nobles, the gentry, and all the most influential people in the land. What was likely to be the effect of such an example from the Prince Royal? Was it extraordinary that in those times, young men grew up inveterate drunkards, gamblers, pugilists and libertines, and thought it no disgrace to be so! However regular my own early life had been by compulsion, I had nevertheless from merest boyhood learned to look on the excesses I have mentioned as indicative of a spirited character, and nothing worse than a liberal acquiescence in the ways of the world.

But it was not alone the more dazzling example of royalty which led me to look upon the excesses of the convivial party without distrust. Hard drinking has always been one of the standing vices of Northern Europe. And Britain is no exception. The middle class are the most free from it. The higher and the lower the examination is carried, the worse the case becomes. At the period I am writing of, the prevalence of the evil was about at its height. The rector of the parish adjoining ours was called "a two bottle man;" that is to say, when dining with friends at home or out, he drank his two bottles of good port wine. On ordinary occasions he would probably not exceed one. It will be admitted that it was no unaccountable thing for a youth of my age to learn to regard the drinking of a few glasses of wine without much horror, when he saw a clergyman, further dignified with the title of "Doctor of Divinity" standing up on the Sabbath evening and officiating with a dozen glasses of port beneath the broad scarlet scarf of his collegiate degree that he wore over the snow-white surplice of his Ministry. I knew of two ministers in another section of the church, and living but a short distance from us, both of whom were great smokers. One of them seldom used less than three quarts of strong ale in the day; and the other would despatch a dozen glasses of various sorts of drinks—wine, beer, brandy and water, &c., between dinner time and the close of the evening. Out of a hundred farmers gathered on a market day, there were not ten but drank very freely. Every house, even among the most religious class of people, had its barrels of beer and strong ale in the cellar, and its decanters of wine and various sorts of spirits in the sitting-room. Protestant England is more deeply indebted to Father Mathew than to any divine of her own church for many years back.

There was another influence which had helped on this laxity of my moral sentiments in the matter in hand; and what it did in my case I believe it has done in millions of cases besides. I refer to the writings of the poets. From the time of the first Greeks, where is there an age in which the great bulk of the poets have not spoken of the excesses of the social board with favor?

The above facts indicate with sufficient accuracy my own character and conditions when I arrived in London. In a short time I was persuaded to take a compositor's case in a printing office. The house was a very large one, but confined wholly to the religious branch of the trade. This circumstance was, of course, no very attractive one to me then. Like many more of the largest houses of business in London it was situated in one of the meanest thoroughfares of the city;—another not very soothing attribute to one accustomed to a picturesque rural residence. Here I continued about three months, and then left. The monotony of the physical routine, and the strict exactitude of attendance required were more than my mind, so long left undisciplined and alien to business, could become suddenly inured to. The substitution of another branch of the business was soon afterwards proposed to me by my friends, and I entered the office of the Messrs. Valpy, the great classical printers of England, as a proof reader. There I had no physical labor to perform, but was employed wholly in reading Latin and Greek proofs. Speedily again I decided that the occupation did not suit me and abandoned it. In short, to thought and study I had been inured, and every other occupation was strange and uncongenial to me. It was not within my power suddenly to recast my own character. No man can.

From this time I began to take my own way. My father attempted no further interference with me. He supplied the money and I spent it. Beyond that, we had no cognizance for months together of each other's existence. What his principle of action was I cannot tell. The effect, so far as relates to myself, was mainly this:—I reversed my former mode of life, and lived wholly in the streets. If I breakfasted in the city, I dined at the West End; and if I took tea in St. James's, I took supper in St. Giles's. My main occupation consisted in examining the form and countenance of every human being I met. There is nothing more sure than that the outward traits of every living thing constitute the similitude and parable of its spiritual nature.

One dark and stormy evening, the streets flooded with rain, the wind bursting up in wild gusts through the avenues that lead from Fleet street and the Strand down to the river, I was strolling along the line of those thoroughfares. The rain no longer fell; and a few steps in front of me walked at about the same pace as myself, an old but athletic and gentlemanly-looking man in the drab great-coat of a wealthy suburban farmer. In the opposite direction approached two tall and elegant females, both of them young, but one of them very young indeed. Owing to the rain, the streets were almost clear of foot passengers, and the brilliant light from some jewellers' and drapers' shops close at hand, fell full on the scene. As the parties in front of me reached each other, the youngest girl letting go her companion's arm, and starting back a step, uttered a shriek that reverberated along the whole street, and then threw herself on her knees upon the muddy pavement, with her arms clasped around the old gentleman. There was an instant of motionlessness of all the parties. In the next he fiercely tore her arms from around him, and hurled her reeling into the middle of the miry road, among the rushing wheels and the trampling feet of the horses; doubled his pace and was gone. Her wild exclamations on recovering from her swoon, revealed to us that the stranger was her father.

A few words more, before I pass from this subject, respecting the young creature whose hapless lot it refers to. Her name, since I shall have to mention her again, was Margaret G———. She was a perfect human flower; one who might have been the very jessamine of the homestead, that at evening should have greeted the owner of some happy hearth with the first embrace, and at morn ushered him forth to the toils of life with the last caress; and whether he toiled or rested, whether by night or day, have shed the influence of her loveliness and fragrance perpetually upon his soul; exquisitely feminine; well advanced in all womanly scholarship; but as ignorant of guile and as unsuspecting as a young bird; tall, agile, pensive; her hair a mass of darkest auburn films; her ears so quaint and elegant that her womanly intuition, which we all know is a sort of inspiration from the supersensible, would never permit any ornament to approach them; her eyes—heart-oracles—uttering what the lips would not or could not say; a nose about which the geometrician and the poet might have contended to what idomain it belonged; mouth and chin small and statuesque; and through the transparent skin at the temples and beneath the faultless oval wrist, the smallest ramification of every blue vein was visible. Now let me look forward. Somewhat more than two years ——er I saw her for the first time, I saw her for the last, ——doling out a share of my little funds to her at parting. In two years more where was she? I have had it from the best professional authority, that the average career of these forsaken creatures does certainly not exceed six years. Some of remarkably vigorous organization and cautious character, sustain the life for seven or eight years. Others, and these the multitude, go off at four or five. But it is no unfrequent case for dropsy and other forms of distemper to do their lethal work in a few months. However, for Margaret we will make the calculation as favorably as the laws of probability will permit. Let us say that her delicate organism sustained the awful encounter—and, indeed, that was far from likely—for some four years altogether; that two full years elapsed after I saw her for the last time before the grim eye of her hideous doom smit her to the death. *And then?*—The public hospital. *And then?*—The ghastly dead-house. *And then?*—The dissecting room. *And then?*—A cold and filthy grave. Oh, man of God! oh, lady swathed in silks and furs, bedecked with gold and jewels, thyself a costlier jewel, and metal of a richer mine. Mercy, pity for these poor outcasts, if thou wouldst get the same for thyself from God at the day of final account. It is none of your business? Whose then is it? Is every Magdalen to have a new Christ? Did our divine Redeemer come to do our duties for us, or to show us how and where to perform them ourselves? Enough. You see it; you feel it. May God guard thee, as thou guardest on to perfection and act, that gracious emotion of thy soul!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LOT OF LOVE.

Oh! was there ever tale of human love,
Which was not also tale of human tears?
Died not sweet Desdemona? sorrow'd not
Fair, patient Imogen? and she whose name
Lives among lovers, Sappho silver-voiced,
Was not the wailing of her passionate lyre
Ended forever in the dull deaf sea?
Must it be thus? oh! must the cup that holds
The sweetest vintage of the vine of life
Taste bitter at the dregs? Is there no story,
No legend, no love-passage, which shall end
Even as the bow that God hath bent in heaven,
O'er the sad waste of mortal histories,
Promising respite to the rain of tears?

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A HUNTSMAN EATEN BY HIS OWN HOUNDS.—Actæon was worried to death by his own dogs. We have been used to regard the story as a fable. It seems to have fact for its basis. We infer from it that the ancients must have had regular packs as we have. Mr. Farquharson's hounds, it seems, have actually eaten up their keeper. The incident is very horrible. It renders it doubtful whether it can be by the smell that hounds recognize their master. It seems he went to them in the dark and without his clothes, and it is said they did not know him. But surely the ordinary effluvium of his body would be even stronger without his clothes. The inference is that the discrimination of dogs is more delicate and varied than supposed. The *base*, so to speak, of the smell, must have been stronger at the time the keeper was attacked than before, but wanting some other odors which to the apprehension of the hounds made up his entity.—*London Dispatch.*

LETTER SUPERSCRIPTIONS.—Formerly a direction was an academy of compliments. "To the most noble and my singularly respected friend," &c., and then. "Haste! haste for your life, haste!" Now we have banished even the monosyllable *to!* Henry Conway, Lord Hertford's son, who is very indolent, and has much humor, introduced the abridgment. Writing to a Mr. Tighe at the Temple, he directed his letter only thus:—"T. Ti., Temple," and it was delivered. Dr. Bentley was mightily flattered on receiving a letter superscribed, "To Dr. Bentley, in England."—*Horace Walpole.*

SPIRIT VOYAGING.

The soft wind bloweth, the blithe stream floweth
To paradisal airs:
Where are we going? there's no knowing,
And who among us cares?
Then row! brothers, row! for merrily, ho!
The wild birds sing and the soft winds blow.

The soul that is wary the land of fairy
Never, never may find;
But the stream grows dark, and the black wood stark,
And shrill the icy wind.
Then row! brothers, row! for brighter grow
The woods and the flowery banks as we go.

Oh, fragrant the showers of leaves and of flowers
That greet us passing along!
While under the wave, each starry cave
Sends up its fairy song;
And lo! brothers, lo! more rosily glow
The sky above and the plain below.

—*Brereton.*

A FLOWER GIRL OF FLORENCE.

Presently there waved in the doorway of the cafe a broad-brimmed Leghorn hat, perched on the head of a full-formed, robust girl of twenty or twenty-two. A face more agreeable for good-humor than for beauty looked out from under the dancing straw braid, and smiled on the new-comers. It was Enrichetta, the youngest and prettiest of the flower girls of Florence, bearing on her round, vigorous arm a broad, shallow basket, brimming with little bouquets of exactly a button hole circumference. Her pulpy lips parted, disclosing a gleam of white teeth, as she advanced with an easy, confident air to our table. "Good-day to these gentlemen. How happy I am to see them returned to Florence! Will they take some flowers?"

Here a dexterous movement of her hand translated a couple of nosegays from her basket to our button-holes: and then, scarcely pausing to accept of a small piece of silver, Enrichetta passed on with a smile and a nod to the next table. * * * * *

I have seen flower-girls in other cities of Europe, in Venice and Paris, for example, but none like those of Florence. Everywhere else they sell their flowers; here they have the air of giving them away. If you offer them money, they accept it, but they never ask for it, and very rarely wait by you as if expecting it; no, the *fiorais* of Florence has better manners than that; she drops a bouquet on your table, or fixes it in your button-hole; then, with a quick glance in your eye and a flattering smile, she trips hastily away: but at your departure, while you are stepping into the railroad station or the diligence-office, thinking in the joy of a good conscience that all your creditors are satisfied, you suddenly see before you the *fiorais*, smiling, wishing you *buon viaggio*, presenting her final bouquet, and awaiting the reward of her floral beneficence. A trifling present satisfies her, for you could purchase her whole basket of nosegays for half a dollar. Enrichetta was abundantly content when I gave her a *francescone* ($1.04,) after having been, for more than two months, a pensioned voluptuary on her roses and jessamines; and I, for my part, willingly paid this small tax for the sake of sustaining so pretty and sentimental an institution as that of the *fiorais*.—*De Forest's "European Acquaintance."*

CHINESE NERVE.—We have been accustomed to consider the Chinese a pusillanimous race; but a correspondent of the London Times relates the following contradictory experience:—"The Chinese are certainly not a nervous race. On the parade ground to the east of this walled and citadelled city of Victoria, some 500 men of the 50th may be daily seen at their exercise. A cloud of Chinese children take advantage of the severity of discipline to hang upon their skirts, stooping down and picking up the cartridge papers from between the feet of the immovable redcoats, who dare not even raise a foot to tread upon the fingers that tickle their ankles. We are too poor in men to be able to spare any to keep the ground. Up in the ravine behind Government House, a detachment is firing at a target at a range of 1,000 yards. That target has its attendant company of more adult Fox-hees. They can scarcely be kept at a safe distance, and when the bugle sounds to cease firing, they rush in and dig out the wasted lead. Further off, on the side of the mountain, with little flag staffs fixed on rocks at various ranges, a field battery is practising with shot and shell. Straight in the line of fire, the Chinese washermen are spreading their clothes to dry upon the brushwood, quite unconcerned at the discharges, satisfied to confide in the skill of the artillerymen, and having a full practical knowledge of the flight of shot. At the short ranges the shells must pass a few feet over their heads. It cannot be that men who behave thus can be of a race of cowards."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—The head of Sir Walter Raleigh, after his decapitation, was put into a red leather bag, over which his velvet nightgown was thrown, and the whole was then conveyed away in a mourning coach provided by Lady Raleigh, who is reported to have preserved this sad memorial in a case, during her entire widowhood, twenty-nine years, prior to her son Carew obtaining it on her decease, who also kept it by him as his mother had done, and is said to have had it interred with him at Horsley. In 1703 a head was dug up in that churchyard, from the side of a grave where a Carew Raleigh was buried, there being no body, nor room for any, the rest of that side of the grave being firm chalk. An embalmed heart was also found under the floor of a room at Horsley, which had once been a chapel. It has been said that Carew carried about with him his father's heart.

TO ASCERTAIN THE STATE OF THE LUNGS.—Persons desirous of ascertaining the true state of their lungs are directed to draw in as much breath as they conveniently can; they are then to count as far as they are able, in a slow and audible voice, without drawing in more breath. The number of seconds they can continue counting must be carefully observed; in a consumption, it does not exceed ten, and often less than six seconds. When the lungs are in a sound condition, the time will range as high as from twenty to thirty-five seconds.

NICARAGUAN MARRIAGE.

A young Nicaraguan beauty would have many favored lovers; but, after a time, bethinking her that it would be well to marry and settle, she would ask her father to give her a portion of land near to where he lived. When he had appointed what land she should have, she would call her lovers together, and tell them that she wished to marry, and to take one of them as her husband; that she did not possess a house; but that she desired that they would build her one on the land which her father had given her. The prudent damsel did not hesitate to enter into details as to the kind of a house she wished to have built, and would add that, if they loved her well, the house would be built by such a day, giving them a month or six weeks to complete it in. To one she would give the charge of furnishing the wood work; to another, to find the canes which were to form the walls; to another, to provide the cordage; to another, to gather the straw for the roof; to another, to procure the dried fish to stock the house; to another, to get deer and pigs for her; to another, to collect maize. This work was usually put in hand with the utmost promptitude, nor was the least thing dispensed with that she had asked for. On the contrary, anxious to show their zeal to the lady of their affections, they sometimes brought double of what had been demanded. Their friends and relations aided them, for it was always thought a great honor to be the successful competitor, and that it would reflect honor upon his kindred.

We may easily imagine what efforts were made by the contending parties to promote their several suits, how her relatives were honored and flattered, how her companions were waylaid, and what tales were conveyed to her ears of the dangers and labors that were undertaken for her sake. The pomp of courtship could never have been brought so distinctly before the eyes of the world as in the pleasant province of Nicaragua.

At last the house was ready. The provisions and the furniture were put in it, and the hearts of the overworked competitors beat rapidly as the fortunate or the fatal moment approached.

A solemn feast was held in the new house.—When supper was concluded the damsel rose, and made a short but gracious speech. She first thanked them all heartily for the labor they had undergone on her behalf. She then said that she wished it was in her power to make so many women that she could provide a wife for each of her suitors. In times past they had seen what a loving mistress she had been to each of them; but now she was going to be married, and to belong to one alone—and this is the one, she said; whereupon she took the chosen suitor by the hand, and retired from the apartment. Her choice having been declared, the disappointed suitors and their respective factions went away amicably, and concluded the feast by dancing and drinking, until the senses of most of them were overcome.

As to the bride, she was henceforward utterly cold to all her former lovers, and showed herself to be a true wife. The disappointed suitors, for the most part, bore their disappointment meekly, but sometimes it happened that on the morning after the marriage one or two of them were found hanging from a tree, and there the bodies remained, a ghastly spectacle of horror, to show the world how the fair Nicaraguan had been loved and lost.—*The Spanish Conquest in America, by Arthur Helps.*

MAHOGANY: ITS FIRST USE IN ENGLAND.—Doctor Gibbons, an eminent physician in the latter end of the last, and beginning of the present century, had a brother, a West Indian captain, who brought over some planks of this wood as ballast. As the doctor was then building a house in King street, Covent Garden, his brother thought they might be of service to him; but the carpenters finding the wood too hard for their tools, they were laid aside as useless. Soon after, Mrs. Gibbons wanting a candle box, the doctor called on his cabinet-maker, Woollaston, in Long Acre, to make him one of some wood that lay in his garden. Woollaston also complained that it was too hard. The doctor said he must get stronger tools. The candle-box was made, and approved; insomuch that the doctor then insisted on having a bureau made of the same wood, which was accordingly done; and the fine color, with the polish, was so pleasing, that he invited all his friends to come and see it; among them, the Duchess of Buckingham. Her grace begged some of the same wood of Dr. Gibbons, and employed Woollaston to make her a bureau also; on which the fame of mahogany, and of Mr. Woollaston, was much raised, and the wood came into general use.

CENSUS OF DEVILS IN THE UNIVERSE.—The "*Monde Enchanté*," a French work, although but a summary of the subject, yet enters into details which no doubt will astonish the reader unlearned in supernatural lore. It revises minutely all the different classes of demons; discriminates their characters, functions, and habits, and describes particularly their great festival, well known by the name of the Witches' Sabbath; and although the author confesses that the number of devils is so large as to render it at first sight impossible to be accurately ascertained, yet he assures us that "a man who had specially applied himself to the inquiry, at last succeeded in determining it with precision," having discovered their number with as perfect accuracy as though he had counted them over one by one, and passed them in review before him. "This writer," he adds, "assures us that he has ascertained their number to be (errors excepted) *seven million four hundred and four thousand nine hundred and twenty-six!*"

ENGLISH AND FRENCH NOTIONS OF HUNTING.—Englishmen in general have a strong prejudice against hare-hunting, in which I have been always inclined to join. There is something grand, they say, in hunting the wild fox; that is an English fox-hunter's opinion. What a Frenchman's is we once heard:—"You English are one extraordinary people; you have, for example, your *chasse au renard*—your fox-hunting, as you call it; you ride all one long day after a great many dogs and one stinking animal, and when you catch him at last you can never eat him."—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

CONGRESSIONAL.

THE KANSAS DEBATE.

THE VOLUNTEER BILL, &c.

SENATE.

On the 8th, Mr. Wilson (Mass.) submitted a resolution instructing the Military Committee to inquire into the propriety of amending the law punishing the crime of enticing soldiers to desert. Adopted.

Mr. Green (Missouri) intimated that he would call for a direct vote on the Kansas Bill on Monday next.

Mr. Doolittle (Wisconsin) resumed his speech commenced on Thursday last. He referred to the extraordinary statement of the Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Hammond) charging the North with breaking its plighted faith, and plundering the South by means of national banks and tariffs. It was not the North, he replied, that repudiated the compact of 1787 or the compromise of 1820. As to national banks and tariffs, he showed, from record, that the greatest statesman of the South (John C. Calhoun) supported the very tariff he (Mr. Hammond) complained of. He also voted for a national bank, and supported internal improvements. Referring to Mr. Hammond's estimate of the relative resources of the North and South, he said the hay crop of the United States surpassed in value the whole Cotton crop of the South. And as to the taunt that Northern laborers were slaves, he stated that his (Doolittle's) own father was a laborer, and other gentlemen on that floor stood in the same category, and asked if he and they were to be branded as sons of slaves. He then passed to the Kansas question, and examined the claims of the two Constitutions, the Topeka and Lecompton, contending that the latter was invalid, because the Kansas Nebraska Act conferred no powers to call a Convention, while the former grew out of a revolutionary appeal to the people themselves, and was perfectly legal. In answer to the question, why did not the Free State men of Kansas, if in the majority, vote for Delegates to the Convention, he showed by numerous familiar facts that in many cases they could not vote in consequence of several counties being disfranchised; also, that they had been solemnly assured that the Constitution would be submitted to the people for their approval or rejection. This assurance was given by Calhoun himself, as well as by Buchanan, in his Message, and through his chosen organs, Walker and Stanton. He denied the correctness of the President's assertion, that when the slavery clause was submitted, all was done that was necessary. There were many other questions: for instance the section relative to Banks—and the "Know-Nothing" clause, requiring the Governor to be a citizen for twenty years, &c. He further denied that the slavery clause was ever fairly—that is fully—submitted. He then sketched the current events, since it was first proposed to repeal the Missouri Compromise, instancing the Atchison meeting in Missouri, which passed resolutions that Missouri would extend her institutions over Kansas, at whatever cost of blood, and contending that these meetings, as well as the Lecompton instrument itself, were direct fruits of that repeal. The programme of these meetings had been carried out in full. Missourians, with Bowie-knives and revolvers, had invaded Kansas, usurped the Legislature, and, in three short weeks, enacted the whole code established at these meetings. There stands the appalling fact! No mantle of shame is wide enough to cover it! One more act only is wanting. Pass this act, and history will declare that in the same year when despotic Russia emancipated her slaves, republican America, trampling upon her principles of independence, imposes a Constitution upon her territories extending the evil.

Mr. Foster (Connecticut) said he would never assent to the admission of another State, north of 36° 30', into the Union with a slavery Constitution. He considered himself bound by the ordinance of 1787, and he would never recognize its repeal. Referring to the seventh article of the Lecompton Constitution, asserting the right of property in slaves, he said the principle there announced was a reproach to the age. He read the clause in the Constitution providing for its change, and contended that the direct meaning of it was, that the people may alter every thing but the slavery clause.—Slavery is to be perpetual. Establish that Constitution, and it can never be abolished, excepting with the consent of every slaveholder in the State.

Mr. Mason (Virginia) asked if the Senator understood that Congress has power to look into the State Constitution, with the view of determining the relations of persons held in servitude. He asked for the information of his constituents, as to the Senator's views.

Mr. Foster explained that if the Territory have within it principles at war with liberty, Congress had a right to reject it.

Mr. Mason said the reply threw a flood of light on the principles actuating the Republican party. If he understood the Senator, Congress had the power to decide whether Government was republican in form, and if it established slavery, it was not republican.

Mr. Foster did not think his language was susceptible of such an inference. He repeated that where a Territory applied for admission with a Constitution at war with the plainest principles of liberty, he could not call it republican in form, and would not admit it.

Mr. Mason—Not republican?

Mr. Foster—Not republican, because not recognizing the principles of freedom. He was not prepared to go to the extreme extent that the State may be excluded on the ground alone that it recognized slavery.

Mr. Foster concluded by saying that he would not vote for the bill admitting Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution.

The Senate then went into Executive Session.

The Executive Session occupied two hours and a half.

On the nomination of Mr. Cork, for Postmaster of Chicago, an earnest debate was engaged in.

On the 9th, Mr. Houston, of Texas, presented the joint resolutions, passed by the Texas Legislature, relative to a Southern State Rights Convention, in the event of the rejection of the Lecompton Constitution by Congress.

The Senate took up the Kansas Bill.

Mr. Hamlin, of Maine, said that no subject of equal importance had been under consideration since he had occupied a seat in the Senate. He regretted that it had been made a party question, because there was no despotism on earth like a party despotism. He had felt it, but he thanked God he was a freeman now. He had no eulogy to bestow on the Union. It needs none. Its eulogy was written in the past. He then replied to the statements of Mr. Hammond, arranging his remarks under three distinct heads:

First—The faith of the South, and the manner she kept it.

Second—The capacity of the South for a separate and distinct government.

Third—The character of the laboring masses of the North.

He said that, in speaking to these points, he should be compelled to use the term "the South," put into his mouth by the Senator from South Carolina, but in his heart he knew "no North, no South, no East, no West." We are citizens of one common country. The North mean to stick to the Union; they do not mean to go out of it, and neither shall the South. He denied that the North had ever broken its plighted faith, and he was at a loss to know what the phrase, "the faith of the South," meant. That section had broken its legislative faith with respect to tariffs by attempting to break down the North after it had invested its capital in manufactures. With reference to Mr. Hammond's question, "what guarantee has the South that the North will not establish another national bank?" Mr. Hamlin replied by asking another question, "what guarantee has the North that the South will not saddle them with a national bank?" Indeed, he expected to see the day when the South would seek protection in a tariff. He then combatted at length the modern doctrine promulgated by the South, that the General Government was founded on the principle of slavery: but which he contended, on the other hand, was an abandonment of the principles of her fathers. Proceeding to the Missouri Compromise question, he said that was the work of the South, and she was jubilant over its success; the North merely acquiesced. Who repealed it, after reaping its benefits? The South. A fine instance of southern faith. He then reviewed the Dred Scott decision, treating upon its many fallacies and inconsistencies, and saying in conclusion:—"The judges who gave it will rank in infamy, in the pages of history, with Jeffries." In viewing the history of the admission of Texas into the Union, he said that State was admitted on the basis of the Missouri Compromise, without which it could not have been admitted. The North was induced to vote for it because it was declared that north of 36 30 there was territory in which she would have three free States. The South obliterated that line in 1854, and was that good faith? Analyzing the present character of the Democratic party, he said it was now in the leading-strings of a few prominent Southern men. South Carolina ruled it. Mr. Calhoun's resolutions, offered in the days of Compromise, but scouted from the Senate, are now the governing principles in Congress. Nullification now reigned supreme in that party. It has got the Senate, the House, the President, and the Supreme Court. Democracy had even improved upon these principles, and was about to declare, in passing the Lecompton Constitution, that white men have no majorities they were bound to respect. Mr. Hamlin controverted Mr. Hammond's assertion that there were more poor people in the North than in the South, contending that in the latter, notwithstanding the large numbers of its paupers that were thrown upon the North, the poor people of the South still preponderated. In support of this position he quoted the opinions of southern writers, including Mr. Hammond himself.

He next passed to the consideration of Mr. Hammond's assertion, that the white laborers of the North were slaves. He said the Senator quite misapprehended the character of the northern laborers. He (Hamlin) claimed to be a laboring man. He was educated in a printing office. He now toiled in his fields, earning by the sweat of his brow the food he eats. Another Senator, his friend, was also a laborer. They were representatives of the laborers of the North.

Without concluding his speech, Mr. Hamlin gave way to an Executive Session.

On the 10th, the resolution to pay the legal representatives of the late Senators Butler, Bell, and Rusk, full compensation to the time of their deaths was passed.

Mr. Johnson's, of Arkansas, resolution, to print only 10,000 copies of the last year's Patent Office Report, was taken up and discussed.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, expressed himself in favor of stopping the printing of the reports altogether.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi—Stop the franking privilege and you will get rid of all these books. No publisher in the United States would publish them if offered the copyrights gratis.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, would abolish the franking privilege.

Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, moved to postpone the question indefinitely. Lost.

The resolution was finally amended, limiting the book to one volume of 600 pages, and, as amended, was passed. The resolution provides for the printing of 1,000 copies of the Patent Office Report on Mechanics.

Mr. Hamlin, of Maine, resumed his speech from yesterday. Having finished a defence of the Northern laborers, he proceeded to examine Mr. Hammond's assertion that the wealth of the nation consists in exports, denying the truth of the proposition, and showing that the hundred millions of cotton exported by the South, no more proved that that sum represents her surplus profits, after paying all demands, than does the eight hundred millions, the value of Northern manufactures, indicate that amount of Northern surplus of wealth. The exports have to pay for the imports consumed—therefore they cannot be profit or surplus wealth. The South consumes all the product of its exports. And yet Mr. Hammond, assuming $212,000,000 as the total exports of the South claims that amount as surplus wealth. He [Mr. Hamlin] might with as much propriety contend that that amount of imports shows a surplus wealth, inasmuch as the imports assume the ability to produce enough to balance the imports.

Mr. Hamlin proceeded to show the fallacy of both positions, citing statistical tables, comparing the exports and imports of the North and South. He next proceeded to examine the true source of the national wealth, as indicated by the schools, population, agriculture, manufactures, shipping, railroads, capacity for war, &c., giving the figures to show the relative strength of the two sections in these resources. On manufactures, the aggregate net profit of the South was $79,000,000, and of the North $376,000,000. As to the capacity to build ships and railroads, and for war, he denied that these were the true indices of national greatness, though they were to some extent. Taking them as such, he showed by figures a preponderance in favor of the North of ten to one in ship tonnage, and upwards of five to one in railroads. While, as to the capacity for war, he showed that, in the revolutionary war, the North contributed 218,000 men to 71,000 by the South. He admitted that the Southerners were a great people with respect to defensive war, but he did not think their "peculiar institution" would be harmless in such an event. How was it with South Carolina in the war of this country? She was repeatedly asked for men, and always fell short of her quota. In 1779 she was asked for *none*, and she furnished it. He did not state these facts to disparage that State, God forbid, but when Southern Senators threw disparagement upon the North, he felt justified in quoting facts and figures as evidences of what she has done. He then passed to a discussion of the Kansas Bill, stating the points which would control his vote. He objected to the coupling of Minnesota with Kansas. We had already given a pledge to admit her without reference to Kansas. He objected to Mr. Pugh's amendment as inoperative, but accepted that of Mr. Clark. Referring to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, he denounced it as a scheme for the extension of slavery and nothing else. He would not tax the Senators who voted for that measure with personal motives, but the extension of slavery was palpably the design and intention of that repeal, and we have this result in the measure before us. Considering the question relative to constitutions, he contended, that until approved by the people, they were not worth the blank paper they were written on. The Lecompton Constitution had not been so approved, and in fact, the people of Kansas on the 4th of January rejected it by an overwhelming majority, and would have spat upon it. We are now attempting to force it upon the people under the forms of law. The Son of Man was crucified under the forms of law, and no act save that of the Crucifixion could equal the turpitude of this.

Mr. Sebastian, of Ark., read a speech in favor of the bill, but in so low a tone that it was impossible to hear him connectedly.

The Senate went into Executive Session.

On the 11th, Mr. Cameron (Pennsylvania,) presented a memorial from the citizens of Pennsylvania, favoring the establishment of a line of mail steamers between Philadelphia and Brazil.

He also submitted a resolution calling on the President for the instructions sent to the United States Marshal for Utah.

Mr. Polk (Missouri) spoke in favor of the admission of Kansas into the Union. She had all the requisites for admission, with a Constitution which no one, excepting the Senator from Connecticut, denies to be republican in form. That instrument is the deliberate choice of the people in pursuance of the law, and possesses all the forms necessary to insure the free expression of the people. Congress could require nothing more, so long as the Constitution is republican. In this respect, he considered it as unexceptionable as that of any State in the Union.

Mr. Polk then proceeded to explain away the alleged election frauds and irregularities, denying the statements of Governor Walker, Secretary Stanton, and others, that the majority of the voters had been disfranchised, or that the Missourians had invaded the polls in Kansas. There was no necessity, he contended, for such a course, as enough pro-slavery men were already in the territory to control the polls. As to armed invasions from Missouri, he thought Senators who reiterated such stories concerning them were practising on the credulity of the country. That the Missouri immigrants should have gone to Kansas armed, may have seemed strange and alarming to the immigrants from the poor-houses and tombs of the eastern cities, but to people acquainted with frontier life it was nothing unusual. The Missouri immigrants did not use their rifles: they merely staked their claims and voted peaceably, returning to Missouri merely to escape the severity of the winter, and intending to return in the spring to make it their permanent residence. The northern immigrants, on the contrary, being the sweepings of the eastern cities, came to vote, remained to vote, and for no other purpose. Mr. Polk then stated the ground for his opinion why the Lecompton Constitution should pass, restating mainly the arguments of Mr. Stephens in the Majority Report of the House Special Committee. He concluded by asserting that all the inhabitants of Kansas are not turbulent disorganizers. They are solid men, anxious for peace and quiet, and the true course to give that peace was the passage of the Lecompton Constitution.

Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, commenced by saying that, as a member of the Judiciary Committee, he felt that it was his duty to defend the judges of the land against the aspersions thrown upon them with a recklessness and untruthfulness that will yet bring shame upon their accusers. Previous to touching upon that point, however, he would show that it was a vital error to suppose that slavery was established by the positive legislation of the South. Slavery, he contended, was the creature of the common law of England, in which country it existed, and was protected by both common and statute law, as far back as the days of Elizabeth, who herself dealt in slaves. Our ancestors brought the laws and institutions of England to this continent as their birthright, and he asserted that slavery was the common law of the thirteen original colonies. He here cited various historical data, tracing the history of slavery, both continents, down to the American revolution, at which time it was the common law of a whole western continent. This slavery, he further contended, was forced as the common law upon the thirteen original colonies, against the urgent remonstrances of the southern portion, and had not the northern States abolished it by positive legislation, they would be slave States yet. How then, he asked, can it be asserted that slavery is not recognized by the Constitution of the United States. He then proceeded to a defence of the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, controverting at length the assertions of the Senators from Maine and Vermont, that the Constitution of the United States does not recognize property in slaves. He said he never heard the assertion before the Senator from Maine (Mr. Hamlin) had uttered it. He here introduced several forcible illustrations, referring to the patent copyright and other laws, and also citing the case of Prigg vs. the State of Delaware. On the latter case he read the opinion of Judge McLean, in which he decided that the rights of the South in slaves as property are guaranteed by the constitution. He dwelt at great length, and with much minuteness, on the Dred Scott case, and commented with severity on the action of the judges who published the minority opinion. He now approached, he said, another point. He had been accustomed to reverence the judges of the land as men who, by their eminence and spotless purity of character, stood high above the breath of suspicion. A long line of judges had culminated in a Marshall, of illustrious memory. Of the man who has succeeded him, it is enough to say that he is worthy to be the successor of that great man. He then passed a glowing eulogium on Chief Justice Taney. "And yet this man," he continued, "so pure, so noble, so beloved, was been compared by the Senator from Maine (Mr. Hamlin) to the infamous Jeffries, and by the Senator from New York (Mr. Seward,) with having acted in corrupt collusion with the Chief Magistrate of the United States. It is, indeed, difficult to sit and listen to such insinuations, with the blood boiling within us." He read from various documents, showing that the Dred Scott case was in the courts of the State of Missouri before Mr. Buchanan went to England, and before the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act. Hence it was impossible, as insinuated by the Senator from New York, (Mr. Seward,) that the Chief Justice and President could have "gambled at cards with Dred Scott playing dummy." Is the Senate of the United States, he asked, to be insulted with language like this? Shame on the Senators who make charges like these without a shadow of support. He concluded with a few remarks touching the Kansas question, ridiculing the Topeka Constitution, denouncing its authors as miserable rabble and insurgents, who, having insisted on "Topeka or nothing," would get nothing. But Kansas, he assured them, would not be kept bleeding through another Presidential campaign.

The House Printing Deficiency Bill was then considered and passed. Adjourned.

On the 12th, the discussion of the Kansas question was continued by Senators Chandler of Mich., Hunter of Va., and Kennedy of Md. Mr. Chandler combated Mr. Benjamin's argument that slavery was the common law of England, quoting from authority to sustain his positions. He also referred to the Dred Scott decision, the principal dogma of which he denounced as the most dangerous aggression on the Constitution ever enunciated. He deprecated civil war; but confessed that his respect for the people of Kansas would be lessened if they did not resist; and he would hold the President responsible for every drop of blood shed. Quoting extracts from Mr. Hammond's speech, characterizing the laborers of the North as slaves, Mr. Chandler replied to it with much force. He quoted Southern writers, to show the degraded condition of the white laborers of the South, and closed with a spirited defence of Northern working men.

Mr. Hunter, of Va., contended that the President had taken the best course to settle a vexed question. Reading from Mr. Seward's speech extracts referring to the Supreme Court, he commented upon them with severity, as inviting a destruction of the judiciary system, in order to reconstruct it upon a basis that should administer to the passions and prejudices of the mob. A reaction is taking place in Europe on the subject of slavery. Here, too, a reaction is going on. Our people are gravitating toward the equator. The Senator from New York (Mr. Seward) said the white man will have this continent. I say so too—but as the master, and not as the equal of Indians and Negroes. Only on these conditions can the white man rule this continent. Mr. Hunter said that Young America probably even now was dreaming of engaging in giant schemes for the empire of the world.

Mr. Kennedy repudiated the principles of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, because it repealed the Missouri Compromise. He was not responsible for the results that followed that repeal. He was under no obligation to the Democratic party, but having watched the course of that party and the President on this measure, he felt compelled to accord to them his support. He here went into a personal explanation. He referred to his former position in the Whig party, and his allegiance to the "Know Nothings," saying he rejoiced to have the opportunity of defending the latter on the floor of the Senate. He then passed to the subject immediately before the Senate. He should vote for the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, because, he believed, before God, that he was acting rightly. "Squatter sovereignty" and "alien suffrage," he said, were principles he abhorred. He concluded by saying that Kansas might alter her Constitution, if she pleased, the same as Maryland did three days ago.

Mr. Wade, of Ohio, got the floor. Adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 8th, Mr. Taylor, of Louisiana, presented a resolution providing for an inquiry into the facts attending the seizure by the French government of the bark Adriatic. The resolutions provide for obtaining redress to the owners of the bark, and for the prevention of similar proceedings.

Mr. Taylor contended that no Court of a foreign country had the right to condemn an American vessel for failure to carry lights, in the absence of an American law requiring such a practice. This act of France was an attack upon our sovereignty, and an infringement on the law of nations. He thought that, owing to the important principles involved, immediate steps should be taken by the government relative to the matter.

The resolution was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Bocock, of Va., replied to Mr. Millson's speech, contending that the legitimate construction of the Kansas-Nebraska act did not encourage Territorial sovereignty, and that the Lecompton Constitution was the work of the people of Kansas.

Mr. Dawes, of Mass., criticised the President's Special Kansas Message, denouncing the Lecompton Constitution as a creature of frauds, and the legitimate fruits of slavery. Adjourned.

On the 9th, the consideration of Mr. Quitman's Volunteer Bill was resumed.

Mr. Faulkner, of Va., said he was opposed to sending volunteers to Utah. He believed that, if placed at the disposal of the President, he would not find occasion to use them. He thought the proposition for the employment of volunteers to be dictated by the outside pressure, rather than the convictions of sound military policy.

Mr. Faulkner contended that the employment of volunteers would be appealing to the passions of the country, and setting a precedent of carrying death and desolation to our own citizens, which would be prolific of the most disastrous future consequences. The war in Utah was a war against the people on account of their religion, and whoever engaged in such war, whether a volunteer or regular, would be guilty of murder. The Executive has plainly said he does not want volunteers.

Pending the consideration of the question, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Diplomatic Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, in discussing the constitutional power of Congress to admit new States, defined his views on political government; contrary to the views of some of his friends, he believed that the people of Kansas cannot change the constitution prior to 1864.

Mr. Clemens, of Va., asked Mr. Keitt how he reconciled that declaration with the expression in another part of the Lecompton Constitution, that the people have a right to alter that instrument.

Mr. Keitt replied—A general declaration in the Bill of Rights, is like a preamble, and is restricted by the body of the bill itself. As to the admission of Kansas, if the Republicans tell the South that no slave State shall hereafter be admitted into the Union, they will shake every pillar of the political Union. Should this policy be carried into effect, no federal tax-gatherer would ever again tread the soil of the South. When the work of incendiarism, propagandism and revolution begins, this Union will end—may be in blood!

Mr. English, of Indiana, alluded to the assaults upon those northern Democrats who voted for the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. They risked everything while the South risked nothing. He appealed to the southern gentlemen whether they would, for the sake of a shadow, for empty triumph, turn a deaf ear to such friendly warnings as would enable northern Democrats to preserve the integrity of their party at home. It is untrue that the Democrats of non-slaveholding States are opposed to the admission of any more slave States. He did not know one, whoever asserts to the contrary. Such a statement grossly misrepresents the northern Democracy. He earnestly wished to sustain the President on this Kansas question, as on every other measure, and hoped that matters would eventually take such a shape as to enable him to do so conscientiously and consistently. But the Lecompton Constitution, he said, does not embody the will of the people of Kansas. They do not want it fastened upon them. Why then attempt it? The President himself had said the constitution should be submitted to the people. While the friends of the Lecompton instrument upheld one doctrine, he (Mr. English) was for carrying out what he believed were the correct principles. If stricken down for that, he would retain his self-respect, and have the high authority of the President for falling in the defence of correct principles. His political record was not tainted with free-soilism, like that of Van Buren and Dix, who are now foremost in the advocacy of the Lecompton measure. If all reasonable compromises are voted down, he should vote against the admission of Kansas under that constitution.

Mr. Phillips, of Pa., proceeded to show that the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution is regular according to established principles and recognized precedents. He also contended that it was the recognized right of the people to change it whenever they choose. Those who denied that fall into an error. Mr. Phillips also contended that the only question which divided the people of Kansas was submitted to their approval.

Mr. Montgomery said the only question submitted was whether slavery should be imported into the Territory. The slavery question never was submitted. By the Lecompton Constitution slavery may exist there forever.

Mr. Phillips replied—I now know where to find my colleague.

Mr. Montgomery—You will always know where to find me. Adjourned.

On the 10th, Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, asked leave to present the report of the Special Committee on Kansas.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, objected until the Select Committee are called.

Mr. Stephens said that this would not occur for a month. In the meantime, he would take the responsibility of printing it.

The House then resumed the consideration of the Volunteer Bill.

Mr. Curtis, of Iowa, urged the necessity of prompt action in sending a large force to Utah. Nine thousand men were not too many. The increase of regulars is scarcely equal to the number of desertions and deaths. Volunteers were more easily raised. He would put this additional force at the command of the President. If he failed to use it, on him be the responsibility.

Without concluding, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, on the Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Foster, of Maine, made an anti-Lecompton speech, arguing the various points and maintaining that the Free State men of Kansas were strong enough to take care of themselves.

Mr. George Taylor, of New York, argued in favor of the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution. He expressed the opinion that the Republicans do not desire a settlement of the question, from political motives. He thought the admission of Kansas calculated to restore peace.

Mr. Haskin, of New York, declared his intention to vote against the Lecompton Constitution. He would not consent to make slavery perpetual in Kansas. The President indulges in a vain hope, if he thinks the passage of the bill admitting Kansas into the Union under the Lecompton Constitution will stop agitation. Agitation will then but just have commenced. If it were not for Executive patronage, he did not believe that ten northern Democrats would vote for the admission under the present constitution.

Mr. Dowdell, of Alabama, defended Southern rights, and contended that there was no show of reason for refusing to admit Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution.

Mr. Case, of Indiana, got the floor, when Mr. Washburne, of Maine, asked whether the gentleman from Indiana had not made a bargain to speak to-night. If so, he (Mr. Washburne) wanted to know it.

Some confusion ensued, during which, at 5½ o'clock, no quorum was found present, and the House adjourned.

On the 11th, the Volunteer Bill was taken up for consideration.

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, favored the bill, but thought the disturbances in Utah could be quelled in a single campaign, and, therefore, the increase should be but temporary. He was not in favor of regulars for the duty. He was opposed to the increase of Executive patronage at this time, because he had no confidence that it would be properly applied. He thought he knew the motives of the Administration in asking an augmentation of the army. It had staked its existence on the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, and to do so wanted additional patronage. By issuing one hundred and eighty-five army commissions, the admission of Kansas will be secured, and then Gen. Calhoun will certify the pro-slavery members as being elected to the legislature. If disturbance results, the Executive will have a pretext for using the troops in Kansas. He asserted as a constitutional principle, that the President has not the power to use the standing army except in case of open public war with a foreign country, or the rebellion of a State or territory, to repel invasion. He therefore condemned their employment during the pendency of the fugitive slave case in Boston, in Kansas, or as was done last summer in Washington, during the municipal election.

Mr. Harris, of Illinois, spoke on a question of privilege, that, together with six other members of the House who were on the Kansas Committee, he felt it due to himself to present the facts attending the sittings of that body, showing the failure of the committee to execute the orders of the House.

Mr. Letcher, of Va., asked if it was a privileged question?

The Speaker decided it was not.

Mr. Harris appealed from the decision of the Chair.

Mr. Stephens moved to lay the appeal on the table.

The House refused, by a vote of 97 yeas against 112 nays.

[The following northern Democrats voted in the negative:—Adrian, Cockerill, Cox, Davis, of Ind., English, Foley, Harris, of Ill., Haskin, Hickman, Lawrence, McKibbin, Marshall, of Ill., Montgomery, Morris, of Ill., Shaw, of Ill., and Smith, of Ill.—16

The following Americans voted in the negative:—Davis, of Md., Gilmer, of N. C., Harris, of Md., Humphrey Marshall, Ricaud, of Md., and Underwood, of Ky.—6.

The following northern Democrats voted in the affirmative:—Arnold, John Cochrane, Corning, Dimmick, Florence, Gillis, Gregg, Hatch, Hughes, Huyler, Glancey Jones, Owen Jones, Kelly, Landy, Maclay, Miller, of Ohio, Niblack, Pendleton Phillips Reilly, Russell, Scott, Searing, Sickles, Ward—25.]

Mr. Humphrey Marshall, of Ky., moved a postponement of the matter till the next day.

Mr. Stephens had no objection, provided that the majority report be then made.

Mr. Harris had no objection to embody that report in the journal and minutes of the committee which he intended to present. He found that report published in the Union of to-day. He thought it singular that it should be spread before the country in contravention of parliamentary law and the rules of the House, but was not willing that the report should be made as the report of the committee, as he, with six others, members of the committee, declared that the committee had not discharged its duties under the terms of the resolution appointing them.

After further discussion on this point, Mr. Humphrey Marshall's motion was agreed to.

The House went into Committee of the Whole, and briefly debated the Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, which was ordered to be reported to the House with a recommendation that it be passed.

The committee next took up the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, when Mr. Case, of Indiana, delivered an anti-Lecompton speech.

Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, discussed our policy with regard to the Mormon question. He thought the practicable object to be sought is the preservation of the communication with the Pacific. There are two means to settle the question—peacefully and by war. The former is the most humane and economical, and therefore the best. The latter would conduce to such a state of affairs as would make a hell for a thousand years of the passes of the Pacific. Adjourned.

On the 12th, the Speaker announced the pending question to be an appeal taken by Mr. Harris (Illinois) from the decision of the Chair.

After a long and excited discussion, Mr. Jones (Tennessee) moved that the pending appeal be laid on the table. Negatived—yeas 109, nays 111.

Mr. Harris then withdrew his appeal, saying that as objection had been made to the presentation of the Minority Report, he would let the majority take the chances for the introduction of their Report. Adjourned till Monday.

A RAILWAY TRAIN STOPPED BY BRIGANDS.—Between Rome and Frascati is a railway about nine miles long. A considerable number of persons went the other day to a fete at Frascati, the ladies being dressed in their richest garments, and wearing their costly jewelry. This was all known to the brigands. Accordingly, they seized the officers who occupied the intermediate station in the midst of the deserted country, and proceeded to hoist the red flag, as a signal to stop. The engineer fearing something was on the line, brought the engine to a dead stand, when the robbers instantly laid hold of the travellers and coolly plundered them, doing them, however, no other injury. Up to this time we had fancied that railways would put an end to this sort of adventure, but the foregoing stroke, performed at the very gates of Rome, show that we were too sanguine. Instead of robbing some ten or a dozen passengers in a diligence, the brigands now take one hundred in one haul. Of course, the more productive this peculiar branch of industry becomes in the Roman States the greater will be the numbers of those who follow it.—*Courier d'Italie.*

AN Irish woman living in New Bedford, about eighty years of age, a few days since, while sitting at table, had just taken a cup of tea in her hand, and remarked, when her age was alluded to, that she hoped "the Lord would take her home before long." Her hand was observed to tremble; she leaned back in her chair and died instantly.

MAJORITY REPORT OF THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON KANSAS.—The views of the majority of the Kansas Special Committee, which Mr. Stephens, the Chairman, is about to publish on his own responsibility, not having obtained the consent of the House to present it, says that the facts show great regularity and strict conformity to law, and that no State heretofore applying for admission has shown a cleaner record.

The resolution under which the committee was appointed, directed them to inquire whether the Lecompton Constitution is acceptable and satisfactory to the people? The reply to this is, that the only correct test is the ballot box, and such an expression of the popular will as is there given, at the proper time and place, according to law. By this test the constitution was adopted by an overwhelming majority of those who joined in the election. These only can be considered as the *bona fide* citizens of Kansas. Others, who abstained, are *mala fide* residents, who went to Kansas for mischief and strife. They are self acknowledged outlaws, and are not to be considered as constituent elements of the community or society against which they are in open rebellion. But on the 4th of January, at the election for State officers under the constitution, more than 12,000 voters in Kansas did go to the polls, and thus showed conclusively that at least four-fifths of the voters of that Territory were willing to vote for the election of State officers under that constitution. This shows that the constitution was not only acceptable, but that it has been accepted by at least four fifths of the voters of that Territory, though not entirely satisfactory to all of them.

As to the charge that 19 counties were disfranchised, the report says that there are but thirty-four organized counties in Kansas. Twenty-one of these were represented. Nine of the thirteen unrepresented counties have very little population. In seven of them not a vote was cast in the January election against the constitution. In two others of the nine, less than one hundred votes were thrown; and in the four remaining, namely—Franklin, Anderson, Coffee, and Breckenridge, there were but eleven and thirty-five. In these four counties the officers were prevented from making a registry. At the fourth of January election, the five counties of Leavenworth, Atchison, Douglas, Doniphan and Jefferson, cast five thousand one hundred and eighteen votes, which is a majority of the whole vote cast throughout the Territory against the constitution, and yet all these counties were registered and represented in the Convention, having thirty-six of the sixty delegates of which the Convention was composed. If it be true that the opponents of the constitution were so largely in the majority in these counties, and so violent in their opposition, why did they not elect men to form a constitution more to their liking? They had within four votes of two thirds of the Convention, why then, did they fail to act at the proper time? Their refusal, therefore, did not invalidate the just, fair, and legal action of the Convention.

The committee declined to go into an investigation of the alleged frauds at the January election for State officers for want of jurisdiction of the House over the subject. They say they can no more investigate frauds relating to the election of State officers in Kansas than in any other State. These matters are to be inquired into by other appropriate legitimate tribunals. If the seat of the member of Congress elected to this House be contested on the ground of alleged frauds, the House would have jurisdiction over that question; but not as to frauds in the election of governor or members of the Legislature of Kansas.

The report concludes with the recommendation for the admission of the State of Kansas, in pursuance of the views of the President, believing that the welfare and prosperity of the people of Kansas, as well as the general welfare, peace and harmony of the whole Union, will thereby be promoted.

The Minority Report aims to show that the Committee have refused to perform the duties entrusted to them by the House—owing to the disobedient course of the majority.

FOR the first time in the present century, the river Po has been frozen over at Ferrara for some time, admitting the constant passage of man and beast. The unusual severity of the winter in that part of Italy has caused great mortality.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '62	—	—
" " '67	114	—
" " '68	114	—
" 5 " '55	—	—
Phila 6 pr ct	93	93½
" " new	93½	100
" 5 "	90	—
Cass City 6 pr ct	85	90
Pitts 6 pr ct	80	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
All'gy co R R 6's	80	85
Penn		
" 5 "	87½	88
" 5 " coupon	85	90
Tenn 6 pr ct	89	89½
Kentucky 6 pr ct	100	102
Missouri 6's	84	84½
Penn R R 6 pr ct	99	100
Del mr loan '63	83½	83
C & Am R R 6 pr ct	75	78
P G & N R R "	80	—
Reading R R "	77	78
" m'rt "	93	—
" " 6 pr ct '86	70½	70½
Lehigh Val 6's	76½	77
Ches Val R R "	20	26
Tioga R R "	80	—
Phil Wil & Bal		
'60 R R 6 pr ct	93½	94
Long I R R "	70½	71½
Sch Nav '82 "	59½	65
Lehigh Nav "	93	93½
Mort "	95	—
C & C C "	75	78
Sus & Tid '78 "	50	51
Union Canal	42	42
Wall'ms & Elmira		
1st m'rt 7 pr ct	64	70
2d " 7 pr ct	55	55
Catawissa "	44½	45½
North Pa 6 pr ct	54½	54½
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	96	97
Penna	44½	44½
Bea Meadow	52	53
North Penna	104	104½
Phil Ger & Nor	53½	54
Reading	79	79½
Minehill	60	61
Har & Lan	57½	58
Ches Val	4	5
Tioga	—	—
" preferred	—	—
P W & Balt	28	29
Long Island	121	124
Wil'sport & Elm	12	12½
Cattawissa	7	7½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	9½	10
" preferred	13	13½
Lehigh Nav	53	55
Morris Consol'd	48	50
" preferred	94½	95
C & Del	37	40
Union	4½	5
Sus & Tidewater	7	7½
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	136½	136½
Phila	115	118
Far & Mec	59	60
Commercial	48½	49½
N Liberty	58	58½
Mechanics	26½	27
Southwark	83	—
P Township	35	35½
Kensington	37	—
Girard	10½	10½
Western	60	70
Man & Mech	25	25½
Commerce	61	—
Tradesman's	—	—
City	64	64½
Consolidation	23	24
Commonwealth	19½	22
Corn Exchange	—	—
Pittsburg	50	55
M & M Pitts	50	—
Ex'ge Pitts	50	—
Kentucky	110	112
Northern Ky	113	113½
Louisville, Ky	114	115
Farmers, Ky	108	115
Union, Nash, Tenn	201	204
Plant's, Tenn	—	106
Com & R Vick	—	—
N O Gas Lt	110	—

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₩ lb	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chp ₩ lb	9 a10
Sirloin steak	14 a16	Breast and Neck	6

CONVERSION OF "AWFUL" GARDNER.

In the religious ret[illegible] now going on in New York, it seems that "Awful" Gardner, the famous pugilist has been converted. The following is the account, as reported in the *Tribune*:—

Mr. Purdy was followed in an exhortation by Mr. Halstead, who gave a full account of the recent conversion of "Awful" Gardner at Port Chester. After alluding to the fact that Gardner's wife was a Christian woman, and that he had attended upon the revival that was now progressing and was frequently importuned by her and others to seek salvation and forsake the sinful life he had been leading, Mr. Halsted continued the narrative as follows:

A Christian who had been laboring with him said—"Now, Mr. Gardner, don't you feel as if you ought to change your course of life?" Said he, "I do." "Then," he asked, "why don't you do so?" "Well," said Gardner, "I can't begin now!" "Why not now?" "I have some matters in New York to settle up first." "Ah," said the gentleman, "but you had better settle with your Maker first." "Well," said Gardner, "I am going to the city to-morrow morning, and when I return I will seek salvation." Well, in the morning he had his carpet-bag ready to start, but, said he, "I guess I will wait until to-morrow morning," and so he kept on putting it off until to-morrow for a week. The spirit of God had kept him there. On Friday night he went to the meeting, and while he was there the minister said to him, "Hadn't you better make up your mind to come forward and seek salvation?" "Well," said he, "if I felt like that man I would"—referring to a man who showed his desire to be saved, but was not yet converted. "Ah," said brother Gilbert, "your case is more critical than his." "Do you think so?" said he. "Yes, you know your duty and will not do it." Gardner went home that night. "I don't like the remark the minister made," said he, "and I won't stay if he thinks I'm in that condition." His wife said he didn't sleep that night. He twisted and rolled about as if in great distress. He again put off going to the city. He said to another friend, "I am not satisfied with the life I have led. I am going, by the grace of God, to change my course; I am going to try and be a different man." On Wednesday he came forward and knelt down, but he didn't get converted then. He didn't get converted the next day—and in the meantime the members had begun to frown at the sinful men who had known him and came and filled the gallery, saying, "Let's see what's going on." But he didn't flinch. He knelt at the altar, but again he was not converted. He said to the minister, "What does this mean?" "Ah," said the minister, "God means to give you such a struggle that you will never forget it. He means to use you as a means of converting others." On Monday afternoon they got him in a private house. He prayed so that nearly all of that part of the town gathered about the house. "What is that?" said they. "It's Gardner praying for mercy." That was good, was it not? [Cries of "Amen."] I hope God will make some here pray. On Monday night he went again to the altar. On Tuesday he said, "I have got to go to White Plains," and a friend said, "I will go with you," and he put up his horse, and they left together. They talked on without knowing where they were going until he hauled the horse upon one side of the road and shouted "hallelujah." All at once the devil came to him and said, "what are you doing—praising God—a man as wicked as you have been—you have made a mistake." Gardner said "he thought he had made a mistake," but he came to the church, and while kneeling the clouds began to dispel, and a bright light surrounded him, soon he took his handkerchief and covered his eyes, said the minister, "What are you doing, Gardner." "Why," said he, "there is such glory shining all around me; I thought it must be a mistake, and I covered my eyes to see if I could see it yet." "How is it," said he, "all light and beautiful," said he, [great sensation and loud cries of "Amen"—"Glory to God, &c.,] and darkness has been succeeded by the light and joy of Christ. On Thursday night he came up, and said "I have got religion—I thought it would be good, but it is a great deal better than I thought it was. If we live until two weeks from to-day, you will hear him talk of Jesus himself in the 17th street church.

In conclusion, Mr. Halstead said that they would make no regular exhortation for sinners to come forward, but if there were any present who wished to know Jesus, they could come forward and receive the prayers of Christians.

A hymn was sung, during which four young men and three ladies, amid evident excitement, came forward and knelt at the altar. Prayers were then offered in their behalf. The services continued until late in the afternoon.

LETTER FROM UTAH—A NEW ROUTE TO SALT LAKE—PREPARATIONS FOR WAR—SKIRMISH WITH THE TROOPS—FOUR KILLED. St. Louis, March 12.—The Council Bluffs Eagle of the 3rd inst. says that Mr. Wingate, just arrived from Salt Lake, which he left Jan. 25th, reports that there is no snow in Salt Lake Valley, and very little on the mountains. He came by a route, known only to the Mormons, through the mountains, by which horsemen, in single file, can pass an army undiscovered. The route passes between perpendicular rocks for thirteen miles, in many places only three feet wide, and in some places completely covered over.

The Mormons are manufacturing small cannon, with percussion locks and telescopic sights, to carry two pound balls with as much certainty as a common rifle at one hundred and twenty yards. They are also making revolvers at the rate of five hundred per week, and coarse powder for mining purposes.

A skirmish is reported as having occurred between a Mormon picket guard and the troops, in which two of the former and four of the latter are reported killed.

Brigham Young says he is willing that the civil officers should come into the Territory and enter upon their duties, but if the army attempts to come they will be resisted.

On the 24th of January, Young preached before nine thousand of the people, all of whom rose when he requested all who were in favor of giving the troops "hell" to rise.

A letter from Capt. Marcy, dated Taos, Jan. 24, reports the particulars of the hardships encountered, and the losses incurred during the march to Santa Fe.

A LADY'S RING.—Quite an excitement was created among some of Mr. Beecher's congregation, in Brooklyn, on Sunday morning, upon the discovery on the plate for the poor of a massive gold ring, which was at once identified as belonging to the wife of a prominent candidate in the Presidential canvas of 1856.—There is a very sharp competition still pending for possession of the ring—which will, probably, contribute more than its value to the relief of the poor of Brooklyn. The ring contains on the outside an engraved "bee" (in allusion to a beautiful incident in Col. Fremont's passage of the Rocky Mountains,) and on the inside the inscription, "March 4, '57."—*New York Paper.*

A GENEROUS man is Mr. Charles Bodman, of Cincinnati. His uncle, Wm. Bodman, of Baltimore, left him $65,000 the other day. He came on to Baltimore, sighted around and found two more immediate female heirs than himself, and gave them the property, because they needed the money, property and slaves more than he did. He reserved to himself, however, Ganu, the faithful body servant of his deceased uncle, whom he proposes to take with him to Cincinnati, provide him with employment, and give him his freedom. Bodman is a Marylander, but owns tobacco warehouses in Cincinnati. May he do a big business for ever and ever!—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ THE UNIVERSAL LOVE.—The love that every one has for his own joke.

BANK DEFALCATION IN NEW YORK.—A book-keeper in the Union Bank, named Brotherton, is charged with having abstracted some $145,000. A Mr. Mott, formerly of the firm of Mott Brothers, jewellers, now a broker, is charged with being an accomplice. A detective reported to the Bank officers, that Brotherton was gambling largely, when an investigation took place. It is a ten year's affair. While these frauds have been going on, the old Union Bank was wound up on the expiration of its safety fund charter, and a distribution of its surplus was made without any discovery of fraud. The re-organization of the Bank under the general law also took place without any discovery. Brotherton has absconded.

☞ We are told that Pacuvius, the old Roman dramatic poet, married three wives, all of whom hung themselves upon the same tree. Describing to his friend Attius, how the tragic element had got out of his plays and entered into his domestic affairs, the latter, who was also a poet, and unhappily married, greatly admired the virtues of the said tree, and craved a slip of it to plant in his own garden.

KNOWLEDGE and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftimes no connection. —*Shakspeare.*

☞ "She died," said Polly, "and was never seen again, for she was buried in the ground where the trees grow." "In the cold ground?" said the child. "No; the warm ground," replied Polly, "where the seeds are turned into beautiful flowers, and where good people turn into angels, and fly away to heaven."—*Dombey & Son.*

THY spirit, Independence! let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye;
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
—*Smollett.*

☞ The derivation of the name of the Fox family from a rainy day is very ingenious: Rainy day, rain a little, rain much, rain hard, Reinard—*Fox.* Very clear, isn't it?—*Boston Gazette.*

☞ In private we must watch our thoughts; in the family our tempers; and in company our tongues.

☞ Mrs. C. W. Denison has a new book in press. It is called "Old Hepsey."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—Sales of 300 bbls Flour for home consumption at $4,50@4,62½ ₩ barrel for Superfine, $4,87½@5,12½ for Extra, $5,25@5,50 for Extra Family, and $6@6,25 for Fancy brands. Rye Flour is steady at $3,12½, and Corn Meal at $2,87½ ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—The market is comparatively bare of prime Wheat, and it is wanted. Sales of 200 bushels Pennsylvania prime Red at $1,10 ₩ bushel, 100 bushels inferior at $1, and some good Western White at $1,20@1,30. Rye is steady at 70c. Corn continues in good demand, and further sales of 6000 bushels Yellow, in store, were made at 60c.—Oats are steady at 35c ₩ bushel.

PROVISIONS—Holders are firmer in their views, but, with light receipts and stocks to operate in, the market has ruled quiet this week. Mess Pork is selling as wanted at $16,75@17, and city Mess Beef at $17 ₩ bbl. Bacon moves off as wanted at 11@13c for Hams, the latter fancy cured; 9½@10c for Sides, as to quality, and 8c for Shoulders, cash and short time. Green Meats are more inquired for, and 300 casks changed hands at 9½c@9¾c, the latter for fancy lots in pickle; 8½@8¾c for Sides, and 7c for Shoulders, cash and time. Lard is firm, with small sales of bbls at 10½@10¾c, and kegs at 11½c. Butter is more active, and solid packed has been selling more freely at 11@12c; choice lots at something more, and Roll at 14@17c, as in quality. Cheese—Not much doing, and prices the same. Eggs sell slowly at 13½@14c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The favorable advices from Europe have induced holders to again put up their quotations. The demand, however, has been quite limited, and manufacturers manifest no disposition to purchase, except for the supply of their immediate wants. Sales of 310 bales of Middling and Middling Fair Upland at 11½@13½c, cash, and 13½@14c ₩ lb, on time.

COAL—The stagnation which has characterized it for the last three months still continues. The nominal rates are $3,80@3,90 ₩ ton for White Ash, and $4,65@4,15 for Red Ash—free on board at Richmond.

COPPER—Is held firmly at the advance, but the sales have been limited. Of yellow metal some further sales of American are reported at 22c, on time.

FEATHERS—Continue dull, and the sales are mostly in a small way at 40@42c for Western.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit is selling moderately at 6½@6¾c for Dried Apples, and 10@14c for Peaches, as in quality.

HEMP—Holders are rather firmer in their demands for all kinds. Manilla 7@7½ ₩ lb.

HIDES—There is little or no stock in first hands, and no arrivals or sales have come under our notice this week. A better feeling, however, prevails in the market, with more disposition on the part of buyers to operate. Rio Grande 23@25c ₩ lb, City Slaughter, salted, 7@8c.

HOPS—Are steady with moderate sales Eastern and Western at 7@11c ₩ lb, as in quality.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal is firmer and rather more active, and sales of 4000 tons Anthracite are reported in lots, part to go East at $19 for No 3, $20@21 for No 2, and $21@22 for No 1, all cash, including 2000 tons No 2, and 500 tons No 1 at our highest figures. Small lots are selling at $2 @3 ₩ ton more on time. Nothing new in Scotch Pig, and prices are steady. Rails and Bars are inquired for at quotations, but no sales are made public.

LEAD—There has been more doing. Sales of 6400 pigs Virginia at 6¾c ₩ lb, cash, and 1300 pigs Spanish on terms kept private.

LEATHER—There has been rather more inquiry both for Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and prices are steadily maintained. Finished Skirting, ₩ lb 30@33c; Spanish Sole, Oak, 25@30c; Slaughter do, 22@25c; Upper, rough, side, $1,75@2,25; Calf Skins ₩ doz $12@20.

TALLOW—Continues scarce. Sales of City Rendered at 11c ₩ lb, cash, and Country at 10½@10¾c.

TOBACCO—There has been more inquiry for Leaf, and several lots of Mason Co. sold at 7@14c ₩ lb, on time—part for export. No change in Manufactured.

WOOL—Continues to meet a very limited inquiry, and prices have been gradually softening, manufacturers, both Eastern and local, manifesting no desire to purchase except to supply present wants. Among the sales we notice 10,000 lbs No 1 pulled and Merino at 25c@28c ₩ lb, cash.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street. *Philadelphia, March 13, 1858.*

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	1 dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
Relief Notes	½ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	1½ dis
Solvent bks par to	½ dis	ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solvent banks	2 to 5 dis
Solvent banks	½ to par	MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All banks	uncertain
Baltimore	½ dis	LOUISIANA.	
Solvent banks	½ to ¾ dis	Solvent banks	2½ dis
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Solvent bks par to	½ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	State bank	1½ dis
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	4 dis
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		TENNESSEE.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Old banks	5 dis
RHODE ISLAND.		MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	4 dis
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks	2½ dis	Solvent banks	4 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	20 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solvent banks	4 dis		
CANADA.			
Solvent banks	1 dis		

CURIOUS.—The St. Louis *Democrat* gives the following remarkable circumstance in connection with the burning of the Pacific Hotel, in that city. "A prominent citizen received this intelligence by letter from his wife, now residing in New York State. On the night of the terrible destruction of the Pacific Hotel, a little brother of Henry Rochester, living at home with his parents, near Avon, in New York, awoke some time after midnight, with screaming and tears, saying that *the hotel in St. Louis was on fire, and his brother Henry was burning to death.* So intense was his alarm and horror, that it was with considerable difficulty he could be quieted. On the following day at noon the parents received a telegraphic despatch from this city, confirming the little boy's dream in every particular."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHIC PAINTINGS, By Cook.
At the Root Gallery, corner of Chestnut and Fifth.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

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TESTIMONIALS FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

Thomas S. Ranney, writing from Rangoon, Burmah, December 19, 1856, says:—"It is becoming more popular, and in several instances I am assured that the cholera has been arrested and life preserved by its use. The late prevalence of cholera here has swept off about all the Pain Killer I had, and purchasers looking to me for a supply will be disappointed in my ability to supply them. Please send me an invoice of $150 worth by the first opportunity."

CAPE TOWN, Africa, Jan. 28, 1856.
Messrs. P. Davis & Son—Dear Sirs:
The Pain Killer, we are happy to say, is getting in good repute, here, and its good qualities are being appreciated. Lately, we have a great demand for the article, and confidently anticipate a large trade in the Pain Killer.
BORRODAILE, THOMPSON, HALL & CO.

AS A REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION, we think the Oxygenated Bitters unequalled. They are free from alcohol, and contain—judiciously combined with other hygienic substances—oxygen, the chief vital element.

WHAT A TERRIBLE COUGH.

This is a very common expression, and yet how few give that "*terrible cough*" any attention, but let it run on, thinking it will "get well of itself." What a mistake, and how many find it to be such when too late and the disease has become incurable. Reader, if you have a cough, do not fall into this error; do not imagine that this cough will "*get well of itself,*" but by a proper remedy, remove it, and thus save yourself from consumption, a disease which carries more victims than any other to the grave.

The "proper remedy," is Jayne's Expectorant, which never fails to suppress the cough, or relieve the hoarseness, and, by causing the phlegm or mucus which obstructs the lungs and air tubes to be ejected, rapidly promotes a cure. It has saved the lives of thousands and may save yours.

It is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and may be obtained of their agents throughout the country.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Whately, Mass. on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Chas. N. Seymour, Mr. E. D. ASHTON, of this city, to Miss PHILIP A. daughter of Leonard Loomis, Esq. of the former place.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Albert BARNES, T. COOPER HILL, of Philadelphia, to MARY E. SCRIBNER, of Rosendale, Wisconsin.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. GEORGE W. HUNTSMAN, to Miss LOUISA JOHNSON, both of West Philadelphia.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. DAVID CHERRY, of Montgomery county, to Miss SARAH YERKINS, of Bucks county.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Clarke Loudon, Mr. MALCOM CONLY, to Miss FANNY DRAIN, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Robt. Armstrong, Mr. JOHN BENNETT, to Miss CAROLINE MILLS, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. J. G. Maxwell, Mr. JACOB S. STRETCH, to Miss SALLIE, daughter of John Tesse, Esq. both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Wesley Kenney, WILLIAM WHITESIDE, to ANNE A. STOTSENBURG, both of this city.

On the 4th of Jan. by the Rev. R. J. Black, Mr. MATTHEW MCILREE, to Miss MARY CLOSE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, MARY CARSON, aged 25.
On the 8th instant, Mrs. MARY ANN, wife of Jos. F. Shriver.
On the 8th instant, Mrs. ANN OTTO, aged 60.
On the 9th instant, Mrs. LOIS BRAZIER, wife of Ebenezer Woodford, aged 22 years.
On the 9th instant, SAMUEL KING, aged 29 years.
On the 7th instant, Mrs. SARAH A. THOMAS, aged 69 years.
On the 9th instant, Mr. ISAAC N. LATCH, aged 40 years.
On the 9th instant, Mrs. SARAH KEENE, aged 60.
On the 9th instant, at Germantown, Mrs. PRISCILLA T. wife of J. P. Woodward.
On the 5th instant, CHARLES R. SMITH, aged 83.
On the 5th instant, Mr. ROBERT WHITE, aged 37.
On the 6th instant, Mrs. ANNA BURWELL, aged 70 years.
On the 5th instant, Mr. HENRY J. THORNTON, aged 75 years.
On the 6th instant, ROBERT MARSHALL, aged 30.
On the 5th instant, JOHN C. ROSS, aged 31 years.
On the 5th instant, GEORGE L. KING, aged 31.
On the 5th instant, Mr. JOHN BUSMAN, aged 82.

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.

G. G. EVANS, *Publisher and Originator of the Gift Book Enterprise*, has just issued new Descriptive Catalogues, arranged and classified with an index page for each department of literature, and containing full instructions to Country Agents, how to act, &c., which is sent free to any address. Greater inducements are offered, than can be had from other parties who are imitators of my plan of doing business. For particulars, address G. G. EVANS,
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500 YOUNG MEN WANTED.

Inducements are offered to active men which will enable them to make from $2,00 to $5,00 per day by selling our Publications. One Agent is wanted in every County of the United States. Send for full particulars; address the old established
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A distinguished merchant writes that every business man should have a copy of this book, and a clerk, master of its contents, *will be worth 25 per cent. more salary.*

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OLD GOLD PENS REPOINTED. Price 50 Cents. Inclose the Pen in a letter with cash or postage stamps; it will soon be returned as good as new.

I have in my possession over a thousand letters, like the one below, which have come to me unsolicited:—

Rochester, Feb. 14, 1856.
Dear Sir:—Yours with Pen came to hand in due time. The Pen is all right. I like it much better than before. Your ob't serv't,
W. J. STODDARD.
Address D. ELLIOTT,
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RELIEF FOR HARD TIMES.

I WISH TO PROCURE AN AGENT, (either Lady or Gentleman) for every Town and County in the United States, to engage in a genteel business, by which from $100 to $200 per month can be realized. For particulars, address, with stamp, W. R. ACTON,
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THIS AMERICAN INVENTION STANDS UNRIVALLED, both in this country and in Europe. It is worn by 1,200 persons, and with most astonishing success. In competition with thirty other substitutes of the best French, English and German manufacture, it received the award of the *Great Medal* at the *World's Exhibition* at *London*, as the *best artificial limb known.* In this country it has been thirty times exhibited, in competition with all others at the Annual Fairs in the principal cities, and has, in every instance, received the award of the *highest or first premium.* And as a crowning honor, by the unanimous approval of an international council, the "First Premium"—only *Silver Medal* given for Limbs—was awarded the inventor at the New York Crystal Palace.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant. B. FRANK PALMER,
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HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA

Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

A WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL and FOUR FIRST PREMIUM SILVER MEDALS have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the Druggists and country storekeepers generally, and by the manufacturer.
mh6-tf THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Philada.

NO FAMILY

Can afford to be without MUSTANG LINIMENT in their house. The many accidents we are liable to, may render it necessary any moment, and nothing is capable of performing such a certain cure. (*Extract.*) "In lifting the kettle from the fire, it caught and scalded my hands and person very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. It was an awful sight. * * * * * The Mustang Liniment appeared to extract the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left no scar of account. CHAS. FOSTER, 429 Broad St., Philadelphia." It is truly a wonderful article. It will cure any case of Swelling, Burns, Stiff Joints, Eruptions or Rheumatism. For Horses it should never be dispensed with. One Dollar's worth of Mustang has frequently saved a valuable horse. It cures Galds, Sprains, Ringbone, Spavin and Founders. *Beware of imitations.* Sold in all parts of the habitable globe.
BARNES & PARK, Proprietors,
feb27-1m New York.

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.—DR. TRACY DELORME, the great curer of Consumption, was for several years so badly afflicted by Dyspepsia, that for a part of the time he was confined to his bed. He was eventually cured by a prescription furnished him by a young clairvoyant girl.—This prescription, given by a mere child, while in a state of trance, has cured everybody who has taken it, never having failed once. It is equally as sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia. The ingredients may be found in any Drug Store. I will send this valuable prescription to any person on the receipt of one stamp to pay postage.
Address DR. TRACY DELORME,
GREAT CURER OF CONSUMPTION,
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CANCER CURED.

CANCERS, TUMORS, WENS, ULCERS, &c Cured Without Cutting or Loss of Blood.

The advantages of this great discovery in medical science are now very freely acknowledged by intelligent Physicians. Many patients *die under surgical operations*, mainly from great loss of blood.

DR. LOUNSBERRY & CO., No. 50 North 5th Street, Philadelphia, treat the above diseases without surgical operations, and with unexampled success. A pamphlet on our treatment of Cancers will be sent (together with advice) on receipt of a stamp. This course of treatment has been established for *fifteen years.* mh13-2t

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"Plymouth, Mass., Dec. 14, 1857."

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[From the National Era, Washington.]

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Wit and Humor.

JOKES OF CONGRESSMEN.—A correspondent of the Richmond South thus describes an episode in his trip from Richmond to Washington:—

"Of course, no one can get within gunshot of the capital without inhaling some of the odors of Congress, and I was regaled with a choice conversation between two Congressmen, who were giving an outsider an account of some of the doings at Washington. The conversation turned upon the franking privilege. One of them, a big Virginian said he had once sent a newspaper to an old North Carolinian, whose name had been furnished him, and of course, had never thought of the thing again. Some years afterwards he happened to be in North Carolina, and an old man accosted him, saying, 'Hello, Mister, I got that paper you sent me, and I cut out all the advertisements, and stuck some up here in my porch, and the others I sent round to my neighbors. I thought all them runaway niggers was yours, and I would do as much for you as I knowed how.' The facetious Congressman ended by saying that he believed that old man would vote for him for President, he felt so complimented by that newspaper. 'Did you ever hear of *free* Tom Moore? Tom Moore was in the habit of scattering his speeches and other public documents broadcast over the land, until an old countryman began to inquire, who, upon the face of the earth, that "Free Tom Moore" was who was always writing his name upon everything. Then the facetious Virginian told of an old publican to whom Mr. Buchanan had accidentally sent a book, who regularly exhibited it to the visitors, never failing to remark that he wondered how Mr. Buchanan came to take such a fancy to him, as to send him a book. It is with such pap that those innocent babes called American voters are fed; while the man who can tell the best joke is always the one for them. In this manner our national halls are filled with the finest body of jokers the world ever saw.'"

THE YANKEE SCHOOLMASTER.—Ex-Governor Boutwell told the following at a recent Educational Convention in Pittsfield:—A Yankee schoolmaster came over from Massachusetts into York State last fall, and engaged a school. He was told that there was one family of unruly boys who had turned the last teacher out of doors, and would try the same game on him. The new master resolved to begin with a firm hand, and establish his authority at the outset. On the first day of school, all went on smoothly; none of the rebellious family—the Litchfields—were there. The next day the same. On the third day, a stout young fellow of eighteen or nineteen appeared; and when the teacher asked his name, to record it, he learned it was Litchfield. "Ah, your name is Litchfield? Just step out here." And bringing him into the middle of the floor, he commenced whaling him with all his might, till the frightened youth fled for his life.

"There," said the triumphant pedagogue, "I understand those Litchfields threaten to turn me out of doors, and we'll see who is master here!"

The boys laughed, and seemed to enjoy it so much, that the excited hero of the birch demanded an explanation, and found to his dismay that he had flogged the wrong youth—a very inoffensive lad of a highly respectable family, whose name had led to the mistake. The schoolmaster thought "a stitch in time would save nine," but unfortunately he took it in the wrong place.

GOT WHAT HE WAS AFTER.—A young gent is discovered surrounded by his friends, who are jesting with him regarding his attentions to a certain young lady.

Young Gent.—"Boys, I'll tell you how it is. You see I care nothing for the girl—it is the old man's pocket-book I am after."

Chorus of Friends.—"Ha! ha!!"

Scene Second—A Parlor. Time, 11 P. M. Young lady seated. Young gent rises to depart, hesitates, as if bashful, and then slowly remarks:

"Miss Matilda, excuse me, but you must be aware that my frequent visits, my attentions, cannot have been without an object."

Young Lady.—"Ah, yes, so I've heard, and shall be only too happy to grant what you desire. (Takes from the table a paper parcel, and unfolding it, displays a large old-fashioned and RUSTY morocco pocket-book.) This, I have been informed, is that object. Permit me to present it, and congratulate you that you will in future have no further occasion to renew these visits and attentions."

Young gent swoons.

SHARP TONGUES.—Two women in fashionable standing met one morning, with several others, at the house of one of the ladies, for a neighborly call. Now these two ladies chanced to hate each other very bitterly, yet lived and moved in the same circle on an apparently pleasant footing—as ladies sometimes manage to do, in spite of any amount of internal malice. Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. were talking on that usually safe topic, the weather.

Mrs. A.—Yes, it's horrible weather. Indeed I think the climate of our city unhealthy, especially for the skin, producing the most disagreeable pimples, blotches, &c.

Mrs. B., (who has the cutaneous disorder named above—while Mrs. A. is rather painfully asthmatic)—Yes, I do think we have a bad climate—it must be very bad for asthmatic complaints—don't you think so?

The ladies smiled sardonically at each other, the indifferent auditors laughed internally, and waited till they got home before they split their sides with cachination.—*Boston Post.*

IMPROMPTU, BY R. B. SHERIDAN.—Lord Erskine having once asserted, in the presence of Lady Erskine and Mr. Sheridan, that a wife was only a tin canister tied to one's tail, Sheridan at once presented her these lines—

Lord Erskine at woman presuming to rail,
Calls a wife "a tin canister tied to one's tail,"
And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.
But wherefore "degrading?" Considered aright,
A canister's useful, and polish'd, and bright,
And should dirt its original purity hide—
'Tis the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied.

A WITNESS.—Among the many singular anecdotes which Lord Mansfield has been accustomed to relate of himself, he used to speak of the following with the most unaffected good humor:—A St. Giles's bird appeared as an evidence before him in some trial concerning a quarrel in the street, and so confounded his lordship with slang, that he was obliged to dismiss him without getting anything from him. He was desired to give an account of all he knew. "My lord," said he, "as I was coming by the corner of a street, I *stagged* the man." "Pray," said Lord Mansfield, "what do you call *stagging* a man?" "Stagging, my lord? Why, you see—I was down upon him." "Well, but I don't understand 'down upon him' any more than 'stagging.' Do speak to be understood." "Well, an't please your lordship I speak as well as I can—I was up to all he knew." "To all he knew? I am as much in the dark as ever." "Well, then, my lord, I'll just tell you how it was." "Do so." "Why, my lord, seeing as how he was a rum kid, I was one upon his tibby!" The fellow was at length sent out of court, and was heard in the hall to say that he had "gloriously queer'd old Big Wig."

A BROAD HINT.—In the refectory of a black community at Rio de Janeiro, the same abuse existed as in European friaries—the superior and the elder brethren of the house applying to their own use the choicest viands and most delicate morsels, and leaving the hungry novices at the other end of the table, to break and keep their fast upon the mere scraps and bones of the repast.

On one of these occasions a junior brother received as his portion a hollow bone, without any vestige of meat upon it. This he immediately raised to his lips, and as if converting it into a wind instrument, raised a hideous yell through it. The superior, highly indignant at such conduct, insisted upon knowing the cause. "Holy father," answered the novice, "I have read in the Revelation, that at the sound of the trumpet, the flesh will be reunited to the bone—and I have been trying to verify this prophecy, to save me from starvation."

PROFESSOR ADAMS, of Amherst College, was a great entomologist, and had the largest collection of insects that was ever accumulated by any private individual in this country, since the days of Noah. Some wicked students thought to quiz the old gentleman, and, with a great deal of care and labor, succeeded in manufacturing a nondescript insect, by taking the body of a beetle and gluing to it the legs of a grasshopper, the wings of a butterfly, and the horns of a dragon-fly. With this new style of bug, they proceeded to the study of the Professor, and told him that one of their number had found a strange animal which they were unable to classify, and requested him to aid them in defining its position. The Professor put on his spectacles, and after examining the specimen carefully, said, "Well, young gentlemen, this is a very curious bug indeed; I am inclined to think it what Naturalists call a '*Humbug!*'"

FORTUNATE FELLOWS!

STALWART BRITON.—"I tell yer what, Bill! We ought to be very thankful we're Englishmen—for whether it's the climate, or whether it's their 'abits, just see how those Americans are degenerating!"—*London Punch.*

Agricultural.

ROMAN AGRICULTURE.

Nearly all the recent investigations undertaken for the purpose of developing the principles of Agriculture, have demonstrated the important fact that those practices which are founded on the careful observations of practical farmers, are eminently judicious. This fact, while it has damped somewhat the ardor of those who anticipated a revolution in agriculture from the introduction of special manures founded on the analyses of plants and soils, has stimulated more cautious inquirers to study the opinions of practical men, not only of the present, but of the past. Hence it is that the agriculture of the ancient Romans is now receiving so much attention from some of the best British agricultural writers. From the similarity of our climate, this subject is even more worthy the attention of the farmers of this country than those of England. We have, in the old books on Roman agriculture, a vast storehouse of observed facts, which, when examined by the light of modern science, not only suggest many subjects of great interest to the student of agricultural phenomena, but may enable us to deduce principles which will lead to an improvement in our present practices.

The most complete treatise on Roman agriculture was written by Columella, who flourished A. D. 42. It consists of thirteen books, one of which is in verse. This author gives practical directions for draining the land, both by open and covered drains. The covered drains, he says, should be three feet deep, half filled with small stones or clean gravel, the earth that was dug out being thrown over them. If neither stones nor gravel can be obtained, he advises that twigs should be twisted like a rope, and formed to the exact thickness of the bottom of the drain, and then that cypress or pine leaves should be pressed down upon it, taking care that at both ends of the drain two stones should be placed upright like pillars, having another laid over their top, to support the bank, and give a free ingress and egress to the water.

PLOUGHING.—The Roman agricultural writers invariably represent ploughing as the most important operation of agriculture. Cato observes that if asked what is the first point in good husbandry, he should answer, *good* ploughing; what the second—ploughing of *any* kind; what the third—manuring: thus indicating the subordinate place he would assign to the latter. This was at an early period of Roman history, when the land retained, probably, much of its original fertility. In the time of Columella, manuring was considered more essential; but even this writer evidently considered ploughing one of the most important operations on the farm, and his directions must be admitted to be very practical and judicious. The land was never to be ploughed when wet; in order completely to pulverize the soil, cross-ploughing was to be resorted to; the furrows were to be narrow and close, so that all roots and weeds might be destroyed; and the surface left so equal that few or no traces of the plough could be perceived. Particular care was to be taken by the ploughman, not to make an unequal furrow—one varying in breadth and depth; and when the ridges were thrown up, they were to be perfectly straight. So much were these two points insisted on, that they gave rise to the primary meaning of two words which are now in common use in a figurative sense. To plough with an irregular furrow *(curvo sulco)* was to *prevaricate*—a term afterwards transferred to a witness in the law courts who deviated from the truth. The ridge thrown up by the plough was called *lira;* and if that was formed irregularly, the ploughman was said *delirare*—a term which, under the form of *delirious*, we now use to signify only mental aberration. We hope our right-minded and truthful readers will not act so inconsistently in their ploughing operations as to merit, in its etymological sense, the title of *delirious prevaricators.*

Subsoiling appears to have been unknown, but the land was sometimes ploughed nine inches deep, and generally three or four times in the course of the season. Virgil recommends ploughing a fallow for wheat twice in cold and four times in warm weather. There was indeed no limit to the number of ploughings, hoeings, etc., the object being, according to Theophrastus, "to let the earth feel the cold of winter and the sun of summer, to invert the soil, and render it free, light, and clean of weeds, so that it can most easily afford nourishment."

SOWING THE SEED.—On wet soils, the seed was deposited in ridges, the soil being thrown up either with a plough with two mold-boards, or by two turns of one with a single mold-board, *after the seed had been scattered.* On dry ground, on the contrary, the land was first ridged, and the seed sown in the intervening furrows. Modern seed-drills were unknown, but this method of sowing in ridges accomplished the same object, enabling the farmers to hand hoe their crops, which they did repeatedly. The question of thick and thin sowing was discussed by the Romans as much as at the present time. Columella seems to be in favor of thin sowing in rich and loose soils, because the plants tiller, and thus become more productive. From two to two and a quarter bushels of seed wheat per acre was about the average quantity sown. Less was sown on light than on heavy soils.

The selection of the finest and most healthy seeds was a matter of much attention. Varro affirms that wheat preserves its vitality for 50 years, millet for 100 years, and beans for 120 years.

ROTATION OF CROPS appears to have been little practised—the land being renovated by means of fallow—though Virgil says "the land will *rest* [that is, will remain in as good condition as if it had been fallowed,] by a change of crop."

The Roman writers are almost unanimous in recommending to cut wheat before the grain is fully ripe, and Columella declares that it will ripen after it is cut. Pliny observes that wheat cut when fully ripe gives the greatest quantity of flour, but that reaped early has a finer and plumper berry. It was a maxim, "better to reap two days too soon than two days too late."

Horses were seldom if ever used in cultivating the soil, oxen being employed for this purpose. Much attention was given to breeding and training them, and they appear to have been treated with great kindness. In breeding, the form of the cow was considered of more importance than that of the bull. The cows which Columella most approved were of "a tall make, long, with very large belly, very broad head, eyes black and open, horns graceful, smooth, and black, hairy ears, straight jaws, very large dewlap and tail, and moderate hoofs and legs." The bulls, Palladius says, "should be tall, with huge members: of a middle age, rather young than old; of a stern countenance: small horns, a brawny and vast neck, and a confined belly."

"To break bullocks," says Varro, "put their necks between forked stakes; set up one for each bullock, and give them meat from the hand: they will become tractable in a few days. Then, in order that by degrees they may become accustomed to the yoke, let an unbroken one be joined with a veteran, whom he will imitate; then let them go upon even ground without a plough, then yoked to a light plough in sandy soil."

"Calves," said Virgil, "which you intend for country labor, should be instructed while their youthful minds are tractable, and their age manageable. First bend round their necks wide wreathe of tender twigs: then, when their free necks have become accustomed to servitude, put real collars upon them, join bullocks of equal strength, and make them step together. At first, let them frequently be employed in drawing along the ground wheels without any carriage upon them, so that they may print their steps only upon the top of the dust. Afterward, let the beechen axle groan under the heavy load, and the pole draw the wheels joined to the weighty carriage."

"The ploughman," says Columella, "when he has unyoked his oxen, must rub them after they are tied up, press their backs with his hands, pull up their hides, and not suffer them to stick to their bodies, for this is a disease that is very destructive to working cattle. No food must be given them till they have ceased from sweating and high breathing, and then by degrees, in portions as eaten; and afterwards they are to be led to the water, and encouraged by whistling." Encouraging the horse to drink, etc., by whistling, is still a common practice in many parts of England. How few know that it was recommended by a learned author nearly 2,000 years ago!—*Genesee Farmer.*

ANTIDOTE TO THE ROT IN POTATOES.—There are certain substances—some of which are also fertilizers—that are almost certain to prevent the rot in potatoes. Peat is an antiseptic—that is, counteracts putrefaction or rot. Tan bark and charcoal also possess the same anti-rot qualities, in nearly as great a degree. But neither of these substances are fertilizers till decomposed; to do which requires a great length of time, or the mixture of some other substance with them, such as fish or other animal matter, with the peat, for example.

Lime as well as wood ashes is a fertilizer, more especially the latter when unleached. In fact, unleached ashes will have a greater effect upon the grass crop than any other substance which can be applied to it, excepting, perhaps, Peruvian guano or bone-dust, where the soil has been greatly exhausted. The application of lime or ashes would not act as a partial preventive to rot in the potato, but they would be excellent fertilizers to apply to the crop—above all, the ashes.

To ensure a large crop of potatoes and of a *superior quality*, there is no preparation equal to turning a rich pasture sod flat over, a day or two only in advance of planting. As you furrow out for planting, don't disturb the sod; it then decomposes about as rapidly as food is required for the growing crop. Another great advantage of a sod turned flat over, is, few or no weeds spring up during the summer. Rich barn-yarn or other putrescent manures applied plentifully to the potato crop, is almost certain to bring the rot; and the quality of the potatoes is not so good, as when grown on a sod without manure.—*American Agriculturist.*

HORN-AIL—*Its Cure.*—Making no pretensions to acquaintance with medical science, but having many years practice in the care of cattle, I think that I am able to inform your readers of a method of preventing and also curing this disease. The horn-ail, in my opinion, is brought on by exposure and scarcity of proper food, as it generally appears when cattle are losing flesh, often in the spring, but not always, as I have known cattle afflicted with it in August. When keeping dairy in Vermont, I always fed my cows in the latter part of winter, with either corn or oats, generally cooked, and I never had a cow that was fed with boiled oats take the horn-ail, while those fed on corn have frequently had it. When the symptoms appeared, the feed was immediately changed to boiled oats, and in a week the animal would be apparently well. Of the hundreds of cows I have had the care of, not one has died with this disease, and I would advise my brother farmers to boil a few bushels of oats, commencing with two or three quarts at first, increasing gradually, so as not to scour. The animals should be fed three times a day. Allow no one to bore holes in the horns of your cattle, as the effect is always bad. When the case is a bad one, put about one table-spoonful of spirits of turpentine just back of the horns. This I have found of advantage.—JESSE HARRINGTON, in *Ohio Farmer.*

THE EGG BUSINESS IN MAINE.—The quantity of eggs exported from the State of Maine is enormous. The Augusta *Banner* says that one man a merchant of Farmington, during the last year, collected and sold no less than 100,000 dozens—2,400,000 eggs. The average price was 26 cents per dozen—making a total of $26,000. There are fifty dozen in a bushel—4s0—and thus he collected 5 000 bushels. In May he collected 62,000 dozen.

GOPHERS.—Some years ago, the State of Iowa was nearly overrun by gophers; but at last it was discovered that the castor bean was an effectual remedy, and its use very much reduced the number of this mischievous pest. The method is, to plant the bean all over the land, about one bean to the square rod. It is supposed that the gopher is fond of the root, and eats it, and that it acts like physic or slow poison. At anyrate, it exterminates the gophers. Whether it operates the same with squirrels, or whether any effectual remedy has been discovered for them, we are not informed, but hope if our readers know of any, they will inform us, and thus benefit all.—*Prairie Farmer.*

WINTER BUTTER.—The way we make sweet, yellow, waxy butter in winter, is to set our tin pans on the stove, and strain the milk just before sitting down to breakfast and supper. When we are through our meal, the milk is removed to the pantry; that is six feet square and ten feet high, and never freezes. My wife has made all the butter we have used since we were married in the year 1826, and says she shall not keep house when she has to buy butter.—*Anon.*

Useful Receipts.

TO STOP LEAKS IN A BARREL.—Take equal parts of powdered charcoal and tallow, mix thoroughly and spread on with a knife.

RATS.—When a house is infested by rats which refuse to nibble at toasted cheese and the usual baits, a few drops of the highly scented oil of rhodium, poured on the bottom of a cage trap, will always invariably attract it full of the "mischievous rodents" before morning. We have known this to be tried with most extraordinary success. Where a trap baited with all manner of edibles had failed to attract a single rat, the oil of rhodium caused it to be completely crowded night after night, until the house was cleared of the noisome visitors.

TO TAN A SHEEP SKIN.—As soon as the hide is off of the animal, spread it flesh side up on some level place, and lay strips of boards under the edge all around, so as to keep the liquid from running off; then take 1½ pounds of alum, 1½ pounds of salt pulverized, and rub it all over the hide as soon as possible after it is stripped from the sheep. In 36 or 48 hours, you will find the hide nearly dry, then take the back of a drawing knife and scrape off the flesh, by throwing the hide over a rounding slab. —*Ohio Cultivator.*

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—CHARCOAL AND TAINTED MEATS.—A Connecticut lady says:—"Some chickens, during the recent warm weather, had become slightly tainted. These were stuffed with freshly heated charcoal, and in twelve hours were as sweet and fresh as could be desired, not leaving the least disagreeable odor or flavor. Shortly after, on examining some fresh pieces of pork, and fearing that they could not be preserved until it was convenient to cook them, she packed them in a pan of powdered charcoal, and thus kept them with complete success."

CHEESE.—It said that a cheese painted over with melted suet, so as to form a thin coat over the outside, never has mites.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR A COLD.—As colds are now very prevalent, and may become more so on the breaking up of winter, the following prescription, sent to one of his friends by a gentleman, well known in Philadelphia, and now resident in St. Louis, is published for the benefit of all those whom it may concern. It has never failed to afford entire relief in a few days, and after using it, there has not been any second attack of the malady during that season. The prescription is cheap and simple; cannot possibly do any harm; and coming from a reliable source, is certainly worthy of attention:

"*Recipe.*—Put into a wine bottle such a quantity of *hops* as will leave room only for one or two tumblers full of *wine.* (Good Madeira or Sherry.) Pour that quantity of wine into the bottle upon the hops. (The hops will nullify the strength and nasal effects of the wine.) Take half a tumblerful of this wine, strained through a linen or muslin cloth, before going to bed; the same quantity on getting up in the morning; and the same quantity again half an hour before you dine. As you take a dose out of the bottle, pour into it a like quantity of fresh wine. The hops will be good for six months."

TO PREPARE WILD FOWL.—It is extremely laborious on the part of a servant, in her culinary occupation, to dispossess the generality of wild fowl of that closely-adhesive down which is peculiar to them. The most effectual plan to adopt with regard to this difficulty is to immerse the birds, when divested of their feathers, in scalding water. Allow them to remain therein for about two minutes. Have at hand some finely-powdered resin, and, by the application of the hand with the use of the latter rubbed over the flesh of the fowl, the whole of the down will be removed. This method is extremely simple, and saves much time and trouble.

CURE FOR FOUL IN THE FOOT.—A simple cure for the *Foul in the Foot.* After cleaning the foot, pour in a few drops of spirits of turpentine, and unless in very aggravated cases, two or three applications will be sufficient. I have always used it, and when applied in season have never known its failing.—*N. E. Farmer.*

HOW TO PREVENT FREEZING OF PUMPS.—In winter, I often hear complaints of freezing of pumps; to prevent this cover your well with a high platform; then prepare a box fifteen or eighteen inches square, according to the size of your pump, and sufficiently high to cover the nose; cut a hole around the pump as large as the box will admit. The steam arising from the water in the well into the box will keep the pump warm and prevent its freezing. Care should be taken to have everything made tight to prevent the steam from escaping. My pump has been thus covered for many years, and although it stands in a very exposed place, yet, during the extreme cold of the past winter, it has only slightly frozen over a few times. This remedy is very simple, and if done thoroughly, very effective, and saves the trouble of letting off the water or covering the pump with straw or bundles of stalks, which is useless.—*N. E. Farmer.*

The Riddler.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 18, 10, 17, 20, 7, 22, was a Roman poet.
My 21, 2, 5, 18, was a Roman Emperor.
My 7, 18, 1, 17, 6, 3, was an Athenian king.
My 19, 25, 1, 20, 3, was a Phrygian king.
My 7, 12, 5, 25, 12, 8, 15, was a famous city of Greece.
My 24, 26, 10, 14, 16, 6, 3, was a sea deity.
My 9, 1, 20, was a mountain near Troy.
My 15, 27, 17, 12, was the lover of Leander.
My 6, 26, 20, 17, 25, 20, was the muse who presided over astronomy.
My whole was an important event in the history of the world. H. C. W.
Alexanders, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 25, 8, 11, 14, is a metal.
My 6, 24, 12, 3, 19, 26, is a man's name.
My 20, 5, 11, 13, is a sea in Palestine.
My 25, 22, 2, 24, is a gulf in Siberia.
My 12, 15, 26, 5, is the principal river of Africa.
My 7, 8, 9, 4, is one of the four cardinal points of the compass.
My 21, 24, 10, 4, 9, is a man whose name is often seen in hymn books.
My 4, 17, 12, is a metal.
My 11, 2, 4, is an insect.
My 5, 6, 19, 12, is a garden we read of in the Bible.
My 4, 22, 2, 10, is what the Indians live in.
My 12, 8, 1, 9, 5, is a river in North Carolina.
My 11, 2, 14, 22, 9, are the principal mountains of South America.
My 19, 9, 11, 1, is a man's name which, if you take the word saw, and put each letter of the alphabet before it separately, you can find out the name.
My 5, 10, 12, 24, is a mountain in Sicily.
My 20, 11, 16, 17, 18, is a man's name.
My 9, 21, 17, 23, 4, was a celebrated author of the 18th century.
My 18, 11, 2, 4, 5, was an Italian author.
My whole was an American saying during the Revolution. W. A. RAIGUEL.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first appertains to a ship or
A brig, or aught else that can float;
A schooner, scow, sloop, or a clipper,
'Tis likewise attached to a boat.

My second, two letters exact is
The number contained in my second;
Without which, believe me, the fact is,
My first would be worthless reckoned.

When my first and second together,
Are fearlessly ploughing the seas,
Regardless of wind or of weather,
They unfurl my first to the breeze.

My first and my second have ever
Been strong as my whole, for they are
Columbia's sinews, they'll never
Forsake the American star. KEY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In winter cold and drear
My first is always green;
My second is a fruit not dear,
Which all of you have seen.

My whole is brought by sea
From a southern clime;
And you will agree with me,
Is very delicious with wine.
Pittsburg, Pa. L. A. M.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Erase my 1 and 5, and I am what all well bred persons do before entering a dwelling.
Erase my 2 and 5, and I am often seen in fences.
Erase my 4 and 5, and transpose, and I am used in the manufacture of paper.
Erase my 1 and 2, and I am a species of man.
Erase my 1 and 4, and transpose, and I am a part of the body.
Erase my 1 and 2, and transpose, and I am a vegetable.
Erase my 4 and 5, and transpose, and I am a species of fish.
Erase my 1, and transpose, and I am what farmers often do in harvest time.
Erase my 2 and 4, and transpose, and I am what a great many feel.
Erase my 1, and transpose, and I am an excellent fruit.
Erase my 2 and 3, and transpose, and I was used as a door fastening.
My whole is a luscious fruit grown extensively in olden times. A. H.
Crawfordsville, Ind.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

James had a circular tract of land whose diameter was 2 miles, worth $10 per acre. His cousin Charles bought a part of the same, at the same price; from the circumference of the circle in ⅔ of a mile by a straight line across the circle. (Thus Charles's piece was a segment of said circle whose versed line was ⅔ of a mile in depth.) Required the sum of money that Charles will have to pay?
DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Crotzersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why is a ship always prepared for a sudden demise? Ans.—Because she always has her shrouds with her.

☞ Why is the author of "Hiawatha" guiltless of any "short-comings?" Ans.—Because he is a Long-fellow.

☞ Why is the letter E like death? Ans.—Because it is the ending of life and the beginning of eternity. O. J. SMITH.
Maple Hill, Vigo County, Ind.

CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Wanted by the subscriber:—
A short piece of a bee-line.
A tooth from the gum of a tree.
A hat for the head of navigation.
A piece of wood from the staff of life.
A few feathers from the tail of a comet.
A newspaper printed in a cider press.
Warren, Vt. HARP.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—John Chrysostome Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. CHARADE—Saturday Evening Post. CHARADE—Innocence (Inn-no-sense.) RIDDLE—Saline. MENSURATION QUESTION—252 miles, acres or perches.